"COLONEL LACUERRE'S SECRET," IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# BACK FROM THE DEAD;

*Or,*

## The Story of an Arsenic Eater.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

She stood gazing out over the sea, upon which lay the crimson and gold light of the June sunset, with hungry, dreamy eyes. That sunset glow rested also upon her rich hair, changing its golden brown to a shimmering, coppery tint, and lighted the dull gray walls of the old house facing the sea. The garden, with its old-fashioned gate opening upon the beach, was a mass of bloom and the scent of roses mingled with the briny odor from the sea. A crimson passion flower clambered about the stone pillar against which she leaned—a tall, graceful woman, clad in a soft gray gown the very simplicity of its drapery serving to define the lines and curves of her perfect form. The face, under the Titian hair was lovely, with its violet eyes, rose-leaf skin and exquisite lips. But, notwithstanding the soft radiance that lay upon it now, it was the face of a woman who had suffered. But, standing there with all the loveliness of the June evening about her, Constance Jeffrey remembered only one thing—that tomorrow she was to become the wife of the man she loved with all her soul, that tomorrow was her wedding day.

Suddenly she saw him coming toward her through the roses, with the sunset glow upon his handsome head. She moved forward to meet him, as he came up the time-stained marble steps leading on to the portico, her delicate cheeks flushing, her eyes shy, half, but tender, as they met his.

He was a handsome man, broad-shouldered and stalwart and blonde, with remarkably fine eyes, a steel-blue in color.

"Constance, dear love, you did not expect to see me this evening, did you?" he murmured, as he bent his blonde head over her golden brown one, while his arms closed about her.

She smiled and whispered as her lips met his:

"No; but I am glad."

"And this time tomorrow, sweetheart, you and I will be together in the knowledge that there is no more parting on earth for us," he said. "Ah, Constance, the thought that soon you will be all my own, my wife, turns me dizzy with happiness. I feel sometimes as though it were but a dream from which I shall awaken."

A shadow fell across the radiance of her face; she clasped his arm and clung to him with a look like fear in her eyes.

"Ah, Julian, if it should prove but a dream," she cried. "Sometimes I am afraid, afraid of my own great happiness. It seems too perfect to last."

He drew her closer and laid his lips on her rich hair.

"Why should it not last, my darling?" he said. "Surely, you have had your share of suffering."

"Ah, that is indeed true," she murmured, with an involuntary shudder. "If several long years of untold misery can purchase happiness then indeed I have earned mine."

At that moment a child, clad all in white, came through the wide doorway. A beautiful child, with a dazzling rose-hued skin, violet colored eyes and gold-brown curls falling to her shoulders.

Constance drew back from her lover; he turned and held out his hand, with a smile to the child. She came forward and stood at his side, lifting her eyes gravely to his face.

"Charlotte says that you are to be my new papa," she said. "Is that true?"

"Quite true, little Violet," he replied, his hand touched caressingly her curls. "And I want you to love me very much; will you, dear?"

The child was silent for some moments, her straight brows drawn together reflectively. The man noted, with a thrill, how wondrously like the small fair face with its pansy eyes, was to the mother's.

"Does my mamma love you?" the child at length asked.

"Yes, Violet; your mamma loves me," he answered gravely.

"Then I shall love you, too," said Violet, promptly, as she held up her rosebud mouth to be kissed. "I wonder if it is nice to have a new papa," she added. "I did have a papa once, but he was a bad papa; he used to make my mamma cry. I never loved him and I was glad when he went away. Weren't you glad, too, mamma?"

"Hush, my darling, do not talk that way." Constance's voice sounded strained and the color had faded on her cheek. "Run away now to Charlotte."

The child went away obediently.

"Constance, don't look like that," cried Julian.

"Oh, Julian, the mere thought of him fills me with dread and horror," she cried.

"Hush, Constance, do not talk that way," said Julian Sylvester, gravely. "You have suffered so much, my darling, that it has made you at times morbid. Violet resembles you too closely to have any of Gasper Jeffrey's nature. But, there, why should we speak of him this evening of all evenings. Look up, dearest, and smile. I want to think of you as you looked when I came this evening, and saw you standing here happier and more beautiful than I had ever seen you before. Of what were you thinking, sweetheart?"

"I was thinking," her cheeks softly flushing, "that tomorrow was my wedding day."

He bent his head and kissed her passionately as he whispered:

"Think only of that, my queen, and forget all else. And, now, I must leave you; my mother will be expecting me."

He left her standing by the purple bloom of the passion flower, with the softened glow of the dying sun upon her head, a smile in her eyes and about her lips. And never again did he see her as she looked then.

CHAPTER II.

In the drawing room of the white villa on a bluff above the sea sat Mrs. Sylvester awaiting her son. A handsome, patrician-looking woman, with aquiline features, the same steel-blue eyes as her son, but colder and prouder. Erect and stately in figure, with brown hair like satin in which there was not one single thread of silver. She wore a gown of rich black lace and her white hands flashed with fine diamonds.

She sat in a low velvet chair by the window, looking out over the glittering sea, her lips compressed, her eyes heavily shadowed. In fact her thoughts were bitter and gloomy. Julian was well aware that his mother did not favor his marriage with Constance Sylvester, but he was far from guessing how bitterly she resented it. Knowing that she was powerless to prevent it, Mrs. Sylvester was too wise and tactful a woman to reveal her real feelings to her son. Could she have in any way prevented the marriage she would not have hesitated to do so no matter at what cost to her son.

"I must write tonight to Coralie," she murmured, "and tell her I fear I have done wrong in concealing from her Julian's engagement. It would have been best perhaps to have informed her of it at once."

"Aunt Marian!"

Mrs. Sylvester started, turned, and, though she did not lightly lose her self-possession, she was, for the moment, palpably disconcerted at the sight of a girl in traveling costume, standing in the doorway regarding her with laughing eyes.

"Coralie!" murmured Mrs. Sylvester.

The girl laughed as she crossed the room

"Julia Sylvester shall never know."

to Mrs. Sylvester's side. She was strikingly handsome, with dead black hair and brows, dark, brilliant eyes, a complexion of creamy pallor and lips the color of poppies. She was of medium height, with a full voluptuous figure.

"Why, you look positively startled Aunt Marian!" she exclaimed, as she bent and

kissed Mrs. Sylvester's cheek. "Did you think I had dropped from the clouds? I only reached New York yesterday and came right on to Clifton-on-the-Sea."

Mrs. Sylvester had by this time entirely recovered herself.

"Why did you not telegraph so I could have sent to the station to meet you?" she asked.

"Why, I thought I would surprise you," answered Coralie. "There was no difficulty in finding a conveyance at the station." She hesitated a moment, and then added, with a slight, subtle change in her liquid voice, "Where is Julian? I suppose he is here with you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Sylvester, "but he is out just at present. He will be back to dinner, I suppose. Of course you want to go to your room at once?"

"Yes, Lisette is unpacking my boxes. I brought them along from the station. Have you any one staying in the house, Aunt Marian?"

"No; one moment, Coralie," as the girl was turning away. "I shall come to your room in about half an hour. Send your maid away; I have something to say to you."

The girl glanced rather questioningly at her aunt, but Mrs. Sylvester's face was imperturbable.

"Very well, Aunt Marian," she said, as she turned away.

Coralie de St. Lorme was the child of Mrs. Sylvester's only sister. She had married a Frenchman of wealth and had gone to live in France. She died a year after giving birth to her child. Monsieur De St. Lorme had soon married again this time a woman of his own nationality. She had also presented him with a daughter and died when the child was four years of age.

Mrs. Sylvester had been fond of her sister and ten years after her death suddenly made up her mind to pay a visit to France for the purpose of seeing her niece. She took with her Julian, her son, a tall, fair, handsome boy of sixteen. Her husband had died some years previous and Julian was her only child. She was not a woman capable of any very deep affection, but she loved the boy as far as it was in her nature to love any one.

Mrs. Sylvester found her niece, then ten years of age, a dark, picturesque child, with a passionate, undisciplined nature, an utter contrast to her little half-sister, Genevieve, a fair, pensive child, with long, pale gold hair and a face like an angel's.

Coralie was not especially delighted at the appearance of her cold, proud American aunt, but she seemed at once attracted toward her boy cousin and she had soon conceived for him a devotion, jealous, exacting, intense, which at times amused, but more often bored the boy. He was not especially taken with his sable-haired cousin; Genevieve, with her sweet, gentle ways, her cloud of pale gold hair and her seraph face, was more to his fancy. But to manifest this preference was to call forth a burst of jealous rage from Coralie.

Julian was by no means overjoyed when he learned that Coralie was to return with them to America, it having been arranged between Mrs. Sylvester and Monsieur De St. Lorme that Coralie should spend some months every year with her aunt.

Coralie De St. Lorme grew up beautiful and alluring. Mrs. Sylvester had watched her childish affection for her cousin ripen into a woman's passionate love and was well pleased. She was exceedingly desirous that a marriage should take place between the two. Coralie was beautiful, accomplished, charming, and she would one day have a great deal of money.

Julian Sylvester was entirely unaware of the nature of his cousin's feelings for himself, and it is doubtful if he would ever have grown to care for her as his mother hoped even if the love of his life had not come to him suddenly with the first look upon a woman's lovely face.

Julian and his mother had come to spend the season at Sea-View villa the previous summer, it being a recent purchase of the former. The Sylvesters were Bostonians and Clifton-on-the-Sea was within half a day's journey of Boston.

One morning, as Julian was strolling along the beach, he saw a tall, graceful woman who was watching a little girl with gold-brown curls glittering in the sunlight, clad in a white and blue bathing suit, tumbling about the surf. As Julian drew near he saw what neither the woman nor the child had noticed—a huge wave rolling in. He sprang forward with a warning cry on his lips, but too late. The wave broke, engulfing the small figure of the child and swept it out to sea. The woman uttered a wild scream of agony at the same moment that Julian dashed into the surf. He swam out to where the child's bright head had disappeared, caught her as she came up for the second time, and, in a few moments was standing upon the beach with the child safe in his arms.

He never forgot the look in the woman's eyes as she lifted them to his, and, though her face was white to the lips he thought it the very loveliest face he had ever seen.

"Is my child dead?" she whispered.

"Dead? Oh, no," answered Julian, cheerfully. "See, she is coming around already," as the little girl stirred and opened a pair of violet eyes like the woman's. Indeed, the resemblance between them was sufficient to establish their relationship at first glance.

"You have saved her life. How can I ever thank you?" said the mother.

She held out her hand and Julian thrilled as he had never before thrilled at the touch of a woman's hand, as he took it in his.

"You must allow me to carry her home for you," he said, and she quietly acquiesced.

They walked along the beach side by side, the child resting contentedly in Julian's arms, until they came to an old gray house, facing the sea.

A middle-aged servant woman, tall and gaunt, with a sallow face and keen light eyes, came out to meet them, listened quietly while her mistress related what had occurred, then took the child from Julian and passed into the house.

Julian declined an invitation to enter but asked and obtained permission to call and inquire if the child had experienced any bad effects. He felt instinctively that this woman, whose beauty appealed to him as no woman's beauty ever had before, was a widow. This had been confirmed by her making no allusion to a husband.

Before another twenty-four hours had passed over his head, Julian had obtained all the information he desired relative to the woman who lived with her child and a couple of servants at the gray stone house called Beachley.

It was a surprise and a source of wonder to all Clifton-on-the-Sea when Constance Allerton, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the only child of Captain Allerton, a retired army officer, who for some years had made his home at Clifton-on-the-Sea, married Gasper Jeffrey. Jeffrey was a lawyer of rather unsavory reputation. He was many years older than the girl, a coarse, brutal man, who, at times, drank heavily. That Captain Allerton would permit his fair young daughter to marry such a man was in itself astonishing and the general opinion was that there was something mysterious about the entire affair.

Jeffrey came to live at Beachley with his father-in-law. Captain Allerton only lived about six months after the marriage. In course of time a child was born to Gasper Jeffreys young wife. The years passed and the girl-wife had ripened into a lovely woman, but upon whose fair face there was a shadow that was never lifted. Stories were rife as to the brutal manner in which Jeffrey treated his wife, but she never complained, but bore it all in proud silence.

The little girl, Violet, was four years old when news came that an uncle in Austria had died leaving Jeffrey a small estate. It was necessary for him to go there and he started. The ship in which he sailed never reached its destination; it was lost at sea and every soul on board perished.

The widow robed herself in somber garments of mourning, which, in her heart, she felt to be a mockery. Gasper Jeffrey's death meant to her freedom from a bondage worse than death, a release from degradation, humiliation, wretchedness beyond compare.

A year had passed since Gasper Jeffrey's death when Julian Sylvester saved little Violet's life. Four months from that day Constance was his betrothed wife and love had glorified all her life.

And one day she told him why she had married Gasper Jeffrey—it was to save her father from disgrace. Captain Allerton had forged a brother officer's name. He was not prosecuted, but he was forced to leave the army, and he buried himself in the old house by the sea where his disgrace was not known.

Jeffrey had accidentally come into possession of this dark episode in Captain Allerton's life, and threatened to expose him unless his daughter, with whom Jeffrey was infatuated, consented to become his wife. The girl had sacrificed herself to save her father. Allerton was only the more refined scoundrel of the two, but his daughter loved and pitied him and he had no scruples in sacrificing her to save himself.

And, as Constance spoke of the long agony of her married life, when only her little child stood between her and despair, Julian's strong hands clenched and his lips whitened as he listened. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her with passionate tenderness.

"Forget it all, my own dear love," he murmured, "it is past and done with. If my love can shield you from it, you shall never know another moment's pain."

## CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Sylvester entered the room where Coralie awaited her the girl was standing before the toilet table clad in a soft, filmy gown, a pale heliotrope in color, with a spray of white lilacs on her breast and another gleaming vividly in the heavy masses of her ebon hair.

She turned away from the mirror as Mrs. Sylvester came forward. She was brilliantly lovely and Mrs. Sylvester thought bitterly as she looked at her:

"Why could not Julian have fallen in love with her?"

Then, as Constance Jeffrey's exquisite face crowned red-gold Titian hair, arose before her, she realized that her son's ideal woman was very different indeed to Coralie De St. Lorme.

"Sit down, my dear," she said, at the same time sinking into a chair.

The girl obeyed rather reluctantly. Mrs. Sylvester knew that she was longing to see Julian and found the delay irksome. Mrs. Sylvester was silent for a moment or so, and then continued with something of an effort:

"Coralie, I have something to tell you which I am sure will surprise you very much. Julian is to be married tomorrow."

For a moment the girl stared at her uncomprehendingly, then her eyes dilated and her lips turned white.

"Julian to be married tomorrow," she repeated. "Impossible! You are joking."

"I am not given to joking, especially upon such subjects," said Mrs. Sylvester. "I will tell you all about it, Coralie. I came to you here for that purpose—before you had seen Julian." She paused for a moment, with a feeling of resentment against her son, as she watched the look of agony, mingled with dread, which gathered in the girl's eyes. "About a year ago," she continued, "Julian saved a little girl from drowning, the child of a widow, living about a mile from Sea-View Villa. This woman, Mrs. Jeffrey, is very beautiful, and, it appears, that Julian was infatuated from the first. She was, of course, grateful, and Julian became a regular visitor at her home. When I left for Boston the latter part of September, Julian did not accompany me, but stayed on here. I knew he was a frequent visitor at this Mrs. Jeffrey's. I feared he was infatuated with her, but I hoped it was a passing fancy and would amount to nothing. I was too sanguine, and I should have known my son better. It was November before he joined me in Boston and then he informed me that he was going to marry Mrs. Jeffrey. That this marriage was bitterly distasteful to me it is hardly necessary for me to tell you, but I could do nothing."

"Why did you not write and tell me at once?" asked the girl, the liquid voice changed and harsh. "Ah, you do not need to tell me why; I understand," she cried, bitterly, as Mrs. Sylvester hesitated. "You know, as I suppose he and everyone else do, for I have been at no pains to conceal it, that I love Julian Sylvester. Yes; I do love him better than my soul."

She started to her feet and began pacing wildly up and down the room.

"It was the one desire, the one dream of my life to be his wife. I never doubted but that in time I would win him, and now another woman has stolen him from me."

She flung herself down on the floor beside the bed, and, with her arms outstretched and her face hidden, broke into tearless sobs, terrible to listen to, which seemed almost to rend her body asunder.

Mrs. Sylvester arose quickly and bent over her.

"Don't, Coralie," she cried. "This is terrible. I know this is a great grief to you, but you must summon your pride to your aid in bearing it. Compose yourself and listen to me. Julian has no suspicion of the nature of your feelings for him, in that you are mistaken. No one knows save myself, and it rests with you whether or not Julian is still kept in ignorance. There is no woman who does not desire to keep secret the fact that she has given her love unsought. You have a great deal of will power, Coralie; use it now."

The sobs had gradually ceased and Coralie arose to her feet.

Mrs. Sylvester's words had the desired effect of arousing the girl's pride. Her face was colorless and haggard, there were dark circles about her eyes, but she spoke quite calmly.

"Julian Sylvester shall never know that I have given him my love unsought, unasked," she said. "I am glad that he has never guessed, but he must have been strangely blind."

"Julian is no coxcomb," said Mrs. Sylvester. "It would never occur to him to suspect any woman of being in love with him."

"That woman! How I hate her!" cried Coralie, passionately, her great dark eyes gleaming with a light that seemed to quench the look of pain in them. "Aunt Marian, you say that she is lovely; describe her to me."

"She is tall and graceful, with a perfect figure," said Mrs. Sylvester. "She has gold-brown hair, violet eyes and a beautiful complexion. She is undeniably lovely."

Cora winced and bit her pale lips.

"And you say that she is a widow?" she murmured, after a moment.

"Yes; a widow, with a little girl six years of age. Her husband has been dead two years. He was a drunkard and a brute and nobody seems to understand why she married, but it seems quite impossible that a woman of her culture and refinement could have cared for such a man. But, Coralie, dinner will be ready and Julian must have returned by this time. Will you go down, or plead fatigue as an excuse for remaining in your room?"

"I shall go down," replied Coralie, as she crossed the room to the toilet table.

A little later Julian turned in surprise as his mother entered the drawing room, followed by Coralie.

"Why, Coralie, this is a surprise," he exclaimed. "My mother did not tell me she was expecting you."

"Aunt Marian did not know herself that I was coming," answered Coralie, as she moved with the languid grace peculiar to her across the room to meet him, a smile on her lips and her heliotrope draperies sweeping the floor.

There was nothing in her face to hint at the storm of anguish through which she had so recently passed. She never had any color in her cheeks and a touch of rouge had given her lips their usual poppy hue. Mrs. Sylvester alone saw the change in the brilliant face and noted the false ring in the liquid voice.

"At all events, I am very glad to see you," said Julian, and the girl drew her breath hard as he bent and kissed her cheek.

In one quick glance and with a sickening throb of pain Coralie noted the radiant happiness of his face. How often she had pictured to herself that dreamy tenderness in the blue eyes and thrilled as, in fancy, she felt his passionate kisses on her lips.

At dinner she was feverishly gay, ate very little, but drank several glasses of wine. Julian, who was evidently abstracted, noticed nothing unusual.

When desert was on the table Coralie lifted her glass of champagne and turned smilingly toward Julian.

"Come, cousin mine, let us drink to the health of the bride-elect," cried she, her dark eyes flashing with a strange light.

Julian smiled and lifted his glass. He had taken it for granted that Coralie had been informed of his engagement from the first. His mother was perfectly right in her belief that he knew nothing of Coralie's love for him.

"Here's to the happiness of the bride-elect," added Coralie, but ere the glass had touched her lips it slipped from her hand and shivered into a thousand pieces, the wine staining the snowy white tablecloth and the girls' gown.

"How awkward of me!" she exclaimed, but she waved the servant aside, as he came forward with another glass, adding, "Fate seems again our drinking to the happiness of the bride-elect."

The words struck unpleasantly upon Julian's ear, and, later, returned to him with strange significance.

A little later they arose from the table, Julian going straight to the library to write letters and attend to other matters requiring his attention.

The wedding was to take place quite early in the morning at Beachley, and the bride and groom would leave at once for a two weeks' wedding trip, leaving little Violet with Charlotte. Upon their return they would take up their residence at Sea-View Villa for the remainder of the summer. It was Mrs. Sylvester's intention to depart for Newport before the return of the bride and groom.

All this she told to Coralie as they sat upon the veranda.

It was an exquisite moonlight night, but the girl gazing, with heavy, brooding eyes over the silvery glittering sea, saw nothing of its beauty. There is no greater fallacy than that the miserable can derive consolation from contemplating nature's beauty. On the contrary, that very beauty seems a mockery, for there can be no unison between a suffering, tortured, human heart and smiling, radiant nature, no matter in what form. In a word, our surroundings take color from our feeling. If we are happy everything about us takes on a roseate hue; if we are miserable our senses our dulled to all beauty.

Coralie listened in silence while her aunt was speaking. When Mrs. Sylvester had finished, however, she turned to her and asked, abruptly:

"Are you going to be present at the marriage?"

"Of course," was the answer. "Not to do so would be to hurt and offend Julian deeply. To so openly manifest my dislike to the marriage would be unwise."

"I shall accompany you," said Coralie.

"It is by no means obligatory upon you to do so, Coralie," exclaimed Mrs. Sylvester. "You do not even know Mrs. Jeffrey and you have the best of excuses for remaining away."

"You do not understand," said Coralie. "I do not want any excuse for remaining away. I wish to go. I am possessed by an intolerable longing to see this woman who has won his love."

"But why subject yourself to unnecessary pain?" queried Mrs. Sylvester.

"Do you think that I shall suffer less by remaining away?" cried Coralie, fiercely. "Our imaginations can make for us a hell far worse than any reality. I should go mad here alone, picturing that wedding scene. I can far better bear to witness it."

"Coralie, I cannot bear to think of you suffering like this," exclaimed Mrs. Sylvester, a touch of feeling softening her cold voice and proud face. "To have seen you Julian's wife would have made me very happy."

"Yes, I am sure that it would," murmured the girl, wearily.

The violent emotions through which she had passed were beginning to tell upon her. She felt worn out, faint. She also was conscious of a craving to be alone, and felt a sense of relief when a servant appeared with a request from Mr. Sylvester that his mother would join him in the library for a little while.

Mrs. Sylvester at once arose and went away.

Coralie sat with her somber gaze bent upon the sea. How she hated the sound of the waves breaking upon the beach below. She knew that through all her after life the sight of the sea, the sound of the waves would bring back to her the agony of that night.

Suddenly she saw the form of a woman coming swiftly up the steep winding path from the beach. Coralie watched her listlessly and indifferently. She opened the gate, crossed the small stretch of lawn and came straight up on to the veranda. She was a tall, gaunt woman, plainly clad, evidently a servant, with a shawl wrapped about her head and shoulders.

She paused directly in front of Coralie and said:

"I wish to see Mr. Sylvester."

"Mr. Sylvester is engaged at present and I am not sure that you can see him," answered Coralie.

"I must and will see him," said the woman, doggedly. "He will see me when he knows that I come from Mrs. Jeffrey."

Coralie started and looked, for the first time, with interest at the woman. She hesitated a moment, then answered:

"Go in, knock upon the second door upon the left of the hall. You will find Mr. Sylvester in that room."

The woman stepped quickly into the house and along the hall. Coralie leaned forward and watched her. The shawl had fallen from her head and in the bright light her face looked strangely white.

As she reached the door designated it opened and Mrs. Sylvester came out. She paused, regarding the woman in surprise. The latter took no notice of her; she went quickly by into the library and closed the door.

## CHAPTER IV.

The train had just puffed into the little station at Clifton-on-the-Sea. Among the passengers who alighted was a man, tall and lithe in figure, with a long, pale face, nose shaped like the beak of an eagle, heavy-lidded, sleepy eyes, and a coarse, cruel mouth. The man had a remarkably clear skin and his brown hair was sleek and glossy.

He stood for a moment or so gazing irresolutely about him in the fast gathering twilight. Opposite the station was a long

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

# AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY COL. R. E. MORSE.

The fact that John Richardson had no relatives residing in this vicinity had thrown upon me, as his friend, the sad and irksome responsibility of counselling and consoling him in his present bereavement, and had called me hurriedly to the old mansion house, a few miles from my office. That he was incapable of managing affairs, incident to his recent calamity was patent, but it was a delicate matter for me to press my views, however well intentioned, upon his approval. This was a case, however, in which I deemed it advisable to be persistent, and to have things, if possible, of the reasonableness of my position.

"It is certainly a proper case for a postmortem," I advised, after listening to his brief and heartbroken account of his wife's sudden death.

"You couldn't ask me to allow that, Colonel? Do you think I can permit the body of her whom I almost worshipped to be cut and disfigured to satisfy my morbid curiosity?"

"But to permit the cause of her death to remain unsolved is a far greater crime, and always regret," I protested, not caring to thwart the wishes of the bereaved man, but simply to do what the circumstances required.

"Be that as it may, my dear Colonel," was the dejected reply, "my sentiment cannot permit my following your advice."

"Your mother arrives this evening?" said I, turning the subject of conversation.

"Yes, Colonel, she will relieve you from this sorrowful duty. You are very kind to me, and I shall be grateful if I may rely on you until she comes. Consider yourself in charge."

A knock on the library door closed our conversation. I rose in response and opened it, much disturbed to behold the tall, trim figure of Doctor Sykes, who was waiting to enter. As he saw me he started, and then marked in a courteous but apologetic tone:

"I beg I am not intruding, gentlemen?"

"A physician never intrudes," I replied, trying to conceal the true state of my feelings, but vainly, I judge, from the peculiar glance I received from the Doctor as he favored me and took a seat beside Mr. Richardson, with whom he conversed in undertones, judging that their discussion was private, I stepped to the veranda, leaving them in full possession of the room.

I had never liked Doctor Sykes and to be relieved from his presence was the chief object of my withdrawal. He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose well dressed figure was apt to attract attention wherever he might appear, and his easy manners and polished address made him a general favorite. But to me his nearly trimmed Van Dyke beard only heightened the effect of a pair of cold gray eyes which never met you directly, and with their drooping lids and heavy lashes completely veiled the soul of their owner, while his polish and composure reminded one of the calm of a surface which hid but refused to betray its fluttering victim. But be my opinion what it might, it was judicious to accept the Doctor as he appeared in the public eye in this case, however, there were grounds for the suspicions against him which came to me from my professional knowledge.

During the lifetime of Major Sykes, the father of the deceased Mrs. Richardson and uncle of Doctor Sykes, I had been employed as his counsel, having in charge all the legal business pertaining to his large estate, amounting in the aggregate to something over a half million. Major Sykes was a peculiar man, and was chagrined at having no son to perpetuate his name. He was determined, however, that the estate should not go out of his immediate family, and so far as was in his power should remain a monument to the industry of his ancestry. With this purpose in view he made the following provision in his will: "I will bequeath to my beloved daughter, Florence, all the residue of my property of whatsoever nature, be it real personal or mixed, for and during the term of her natural life, remainder in fee to the lawful heirs of her body or in failure of such issue, to my nephew, Charles Sykes."

I read the written will, but it was not surprising that I could quote the exact language, for believing it to be a fair case I had taken the liberty to copy it. The cause came within the famous rule in Shelly's case, I strongly contended that the entire estate vested absolutely in Florence Sykes, and at my instance a contest was instituted in the courts to decide the question, and held that this clause to be an executory devise to Charles Sykes, contingent to the birth of lawful issue, in which event it vested absolutely in Florence Sykes, now Mrs. Richardson. Thus the matter stood at the present data, predicted on this decision.

But the peculiar circumstances surrounding Mrs. Richardson's sudden death could not be passed over without notice by one so conversant with the family history. The being so soon to cut off all hope of a large fortune was about to be born, and Charles Sykes, heir presumptive, was attending physicians in the case. To a man armed with the weapons of medical science such a temptation might well become irresistible, when it lay within its power to do away with all possibility of detection; yet to advance such a theory on vague suspicion was dangerous in the extreme.

Thus I ran over the situation as I sat on the veranda, wondering whether my professional connection with murder had so schooled my mind that it rushed headlong into the vague realms of conjecture and theory, or a keen perception of facts had placed me on the trail of a revolting crime. My soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the two men.

"I should be glad to follow your suggestion, Colonel Morse," said Mr. Richardson, coldly.

"In what respect?" I questioned.

"As to the autopsy which Doctor Sykes has requested and examined it. I place all arrangements in your charge, my dear Colonel, so that you comprehend my feelings in the matter.," I bid you both good morning." And with a bow Mr. Richardson stepped into the hall.

"You had spoken of this to Cousin John?" "Oh, yes," I replied, indifferently. "It's a satisfaction to know the cause in such sad calamities. I merely made a suggestion."

"If should be better satisfied if I did it myself," he replied, quickly, "and I think Florence would be of the same mind. The sentiment, of course, my dear Colonel, but we all have our own views," surveying me closely as he spoke.

"Very true, Doctor. As the duty is unpleasant, I gladly shall leave it to the one best disposed of as soon as possible."

"In pursuance of which I shall get the instruments at once."

Doctor Sykes then and walked toward the steps. I followed to give him a courteous parting salutation, as Mr. Richardson had made me host in his absence, but on reaching the step he suddenly turned and grasped my hand in a cordial manner, for the first time during our acquaintance, and a look of suspicion flashed over his face.

"Colonel Morse, you never liked me from my childhood, and therefore I am glad to see the best friend. Have you no word of sympathy for me in my sorrow? I dearly loved my cousin, Florence."

The humble demeanor of the man touched a chord of pity within me, and I bowed head he stood awaiting my reply. I recalled my manner of treating him on every side. I noted the Doctor's return without the customary salutation, and I felt that I had come being revolting to me. I was rather surprised, however, to receive a call the next hour by Mr. Richardson.

"The Doctor has returned?" he asked, excitedly.

"Yes; a half hour ago."

"Has the autopsy been begun?"

"I presume so," I answered, with some hesitation.

"Do you think it will develop anything?" "I hope not," he said, turning pale.

"Can physicians detect almost anything by these examinations?" he asked, nervously.

"Undoubtedly."

"Colonel Morse, you think there could be anything wrong in my darling's death?" he continued, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Come, said I, taking his arm and walking briskly into the house. "Well soon clear up that matter for you. Now, get me the bottle."

"They were powders."

"Then let me see them."

After a short search Mr. Richardson found the medicine and handed me a small envelope bearing the professional card of Doctor Sykes, on which was written: "At first, B in half hour if no relief." Opening the envelope I found two powders, each rated "B," which I carefully slipped into my vest pocket, as I had carefully given them according to the directions on the envelope.

"You have followed the directions explicitly, Richardson. Don't let such an idea enter your head. Take my advice and go to bed; you look as though you need much stronger after a short sleep."

With this remark I turned to leave the room.

"Thank you, Colonel; you have lifted a great weight from my mind." I heard him say as I gently closed the door.

I now breathed freely, and Mr. Richardson shared my suspicion, which for some reason had now returned with full force, I should have lost all composure and made a mess of things. But what was my mental friend doing? I would answer that question by personal inspection. Stealing softly down the stairs I stopped on the vestibule, and the blinds of the room in which the body lay were closely drawn, but I remembered that the window facing the west was covered with vines and shaded with shrubbery. As the day was not excessively warm I reasoned that this window would be open and the shrubbery would afford an excellent place of concealment. Stepping lightly from the veranda I crept silently among the bushes and finally gained a point of vantage, where the sun was burning brightly in the parlor. Doctor Sykes had ceased working and with a strange, stealthy expression on his face, looked steadily at the body, now in its normal condition.

It was plain to me that the examination was ended, so I stole from hiding and resumed my chair on the veranda. I seem nothing of note and had gained no information. But I felt that I had performed my duty faithfully.

I had rested but a short time when Doctor Sykes appeared in the parlor and beckoned as if to repair to his office. Beckoning him to a chair, I remarked:

"What is your diagnosis, Doctor?"

He placed his satchel on the window sill and threw his chair closely to mine with the air of one who was about to disclose an important matter.

"A very peculiar case, Colonel, and one of which we have but few records. From you may thoroughly understand the matter I shall first place you in possession of the facts in the case. Florence always complained somewhat of her heart, and I have had several examinations with a view to treatment. At times I found a slight valve blighty valvular murmur, but after careful study I decided that it there was not at all, it was but a slight functional disorder that would adjust itself as she grew stronger and approached the critical stage of which you have knowledge. The examination, however, of the tricuspid or mitral valve, which, evidently weakened by disease, and some great strain, probably causing her sudden death. I have removed the heart for a more thorough investigation."

Taking a prescription blank from his pocket he began a human diagram, explaining, as he progressed, the different valves in the heart, and the valvular lesion on the action of the valves.

An alarm of fire sounded in the distance, and both hastened to a point on the veranda facing the city. A small column of smoke was rising from among the buildings, and Doctor Sykes, exclaiming:

"It's in the vicinity of the office!" seized his hat and left in the house.

I became tired of watching the smoke as it grew more dense, and retired to the chair in the office. The doctor's satchel was still on the sill; in his haste it had been forgotten. I arose and seized the opportunity to examine its contents. Without any compunction I did so.

"It's the stomach!" I cried, as I gazed in astonishment at a bottle which I recognized as Doctor's, this looks suspicious. I think for the present I shall retain your prescription, Colonel. Say nothing to do with the case, and its loss cannot possibly injure you."

But how to get possession of it without his suspicions was the struggle now which I immediately put in practice. I took the satchel and dropped it inside the window, as if by accident, and opened. The Doctor, on his return, could see it so, and thus discover the absence of the bottle and specimen.

The arrival of Richardson's mother relieved me from duty that day, so bidding him farewell I left the household in charge of the office. After carefully packing the stomach in a small box in which I also placed a card with the address, I forwarded the whole to an expert chemist in New York, with instructions to send me a careful analysis.

Next day I attended the funeral of Mrs. Richardson and met Doctor Sykes.

"A sad affair, Colonel," remarked, as we returned from the cemetery. "Even old Tabby, her favorite pet, has disappeared since the death of her mistress."

"I have heard of animals dying from grief," I replied.

A note some few days later brought me to my office of morning. Mr. Richardson desired my services in the proceedings requisite to turning over the estate to Florence Sykes, now Mrs. Richardson-in-law. The necessity of immediate action was patent, so I hastened to the old mansion, where I found Doctor Sykes and Mr. Richardson in consultation.


## I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

### No Pay Until You Know It.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints again, that is impossible, of course. But I cure the disease always, at any stage, and for good.

I ask no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for a month's treatment of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Take it for a month, and if it does what I say, then pay your druggist $5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism must be a drug. It must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no drugs. It is folly to take them. You can't afford to put drugs in your blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult chronic cases. The matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I have proved it in ten thousand cases. Thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 40 in every 50 get those six bottles free and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay $5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. All all druggists.


"I should like to get this matter adjusted at an early date," said the Doctor, with some hesitancy. "I desire a trip to Europe or somewhere, that I may leave these unpleasant memories behind. I am sorry to turn you out so soon, Cousin John, but you understand that the property being mine—"

"I do not wish to remain here longer than necessary," coldly interrupted Mr. Richardson. "As you say, the property is yours."

"I am very busy just now, gentlemen," said I, "this matter will need some examination before making a final adjustment, and Mr. Richardson must have an opportunity to collect his papers. If you will arrange a meeting place, I can then give you my undivided attention."

Secretly I was enraged at the rapacity of Sykes, and could hardly be civil to the fellow. After a short conversation we agreed upon a date, the following Friday at 9 o'clock. The place of meeting should be the drawing room of the old mansion.

Under the pretext of important business I excused myself and drove to the telegraph office.

"Send analysis at once." I wired the New York chemist.

Thursday evening had arrived and I was in a state of fevered excitement. The night mail was distributed and I had received no letter from New York. The following morning the transfers were to be made, and my part in the affair ended. Could be obtained the Doctor would be beyond the reach of any legal process. I was greatly hardened over the appointment on account of illness when the telegraph messenger arrived.

"Message for you, sir," he piped, and handed me a yellow envelope.

I tore it open and read:

"Analysis shows presence of cyanide of mercury. Powder, morphine. Tabulation by mail. C. Pond, chemist."

* * *

In town the early risers were just beginning to open their shutters as my windows when I pulled up a spirited team of Sykes blooded horses. Doctor Constructor McCullough was standing at the door and wished me a pleasant good morning as he drove from the buggy.

"It's all arranged, Colonel Morse, and the office of coroner is waiting to a rough, muscular-looking fellow to citizen's clothes, who stood in the rear.

"Do we carry out the plans agreed upon last night?" I asked in an undertone.

"Yes, sir; to the very letter. The officer is fully instructed."

"Here, Jenkins, take charge of these horses."

The individual in the doorway jumped quickly into the buggy, and without further conversation drove rapidly down the street.

It was past 9 o'clock when we arrived at the office, where Mr. Richardson was waiting. Turning the horses over to my companion I entered the office waiting room and without much ceremony began my business with the Doctor. Sykes was calm and complacent, but Mr. Richardson showed a spirit of unrest and discomfort. It was evident to me that he was not giving up the home in which he had spent so many happy years without pain.

"Glad to see you, Colonel," said Sykes, blandly. "Richardson and myself soon be able to settle matters. I am sorry to dispossess our good friend here, but it is natural that he wish to want his own."

"You are not more anxious to close up the business than I am, sir," said Richardson, with heightened color, "though I love not the words you use."

"Sentiment, sentiment, my dear sir," said Doctor Sykes, "but I suppose he really attached to an estate which you never saw until within three years ago. Come, Colonel, to business!"

"Not so fast, Doctor," said I, coolly. "There are some matters in the arrangement first."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, with a suspicious look. "I am my uncle's heir, and how now have any claims—has left us."

"I am sure my kind friend, the Major, would never have approved of this unseemly haste. It is neither delicate nor generous."

"Thanks for your sympathy, but by the way was not called for—but I shall conduct my own business, if you please. Will be returned, immediately."

"Not another word, Colonel, I beg," Richardson broke in. "The sooner this end affair is ended the better. Doctor Sykes is right; he has the right to—"

"And the law is a powerful helper, my worthy Doctor," said I, with sardonic knave, who no longer cared to deceive me as to his true character.

"Yes, the law is as powerful a help as it is a hindrance," I returned, "as you may learn to your cost."

Before he could answer a rap on the door announced the officer and his men. "A gentleman wishes to see Colonel Morse."

I arose and met in the hall found Jenkins, the officer, waiting.

"Which one?" he whispered.

"The man with the black beard."

"Are you ready?"

"Proceed according to instructions."

"Then take this," said he, handing me a loaded revolver. "Use it only if he escapes you."

I placed the revolver in my pocket and returned to the room, closing the door carefully.

"A gentleman to see you, Doctor Sykes," I said.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said my companion to the Doctor, who had risen to greet the stranger.

"No apology necessary, my friend," interrupted Doctor Sykes, bowing. "I am at your service." But he looked uneasy.

"Kindly examine that paper," said the officer, handing him a copy of the warrant, advancing as he spoke.

Doctor Sykes took the document, and adjusting his glasses read it.

"It's a damned die!" he cried, crushing the paper, and reaching toward his hip pocket.

But Jenkins was too quick for him and had snapped on the wristlets before he comprehended his purpose.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

# AT THE WORLD'S MERCY;

*Or,*

## The Fortunes of the Darrells.

By ERNEST De LANCEY PIERSON,

*Author of "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls."*

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### CHAPTER IV.

### A NEW PIGURE ON THE STAGE.

"My dear," said Schuman to his companion, as they met again in the hotel parlor, after seeing Darrell on his road, "that young woman at the Court worries me a good deal."

"Well, why should she, old Graybeard?" asked Desmond, as he lounged on the red plush and lit a cigarette.

"It's a rule with me when I start on an enterprise to do away with a good deal of my drawbacks. Nine out of ten fail because no regard is paid for the insignificant details."

Indeed!" yawned the other. "I don't for my part see much use in going into the game at all."

"Perhaps not, but she must not be forgotten. I could see this afternoon that our young friend was cut up about parting from her."

"Yes, I saw that, too."

"I learned from inquiries I made that day have been what you call thick for some time. If he thinks of her, she may prove a foolish honor and de thought of that girl want to back out of the contract."

"Never; he is already enjoying a luxurious life to which he means to return with a fortune."

"Pooh, she's nothing; she is nidding too foolish for a man to do for a woman. Do have spoint as to make a little game of him in de past and I have learned to be verse in dat."

"Well, it seems to me a man of your experience might be able to dispose of a little woman."

For a moment Schuman remained silent, tempted by his friend's taunt, but forthwart immersed in deep thought.

"If dat girl should awaken, and I am afraid dat is not altogether dead, he will be back in search of her. He must not find her."

"No, don't do anything desperate," remonstrated Desmond. "What's the haste to go into this matter pretty deep as it is, and I don't see no chance of a successful ending out of it safely just because of your wild fancies."

Have no fear. I am not so fond of sticking my head in a noose. She need only be spoken of dat house. Den leave it to de city to swallow her up. I must think it over. She is a bonne thing, my friend, in de fabric which we must not let go. And how do you make here and what over de young nun. I must go to my office to work. You have acted with your usual tact in not letting out of it safely just because of your wild fancies."

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Schuman stood musing for a moment, then he said:

"Well, what's next? Graybeard?" asked Desmond, as he lounged on the red sofa and lit a cigarette.

"It's a rule wit' me when I start on an enterprise to do away with a good deal of my drawbacks. Nine out of ten fail because no regard is paid for de insignificant details."

"Indeed!" yawned the other. "I don't for my part see much use in going into the game at all."

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Schuman stood musing for a moment, then he said:

"Well, what's next, savagely.

"What do you suppose? Why, I followed him to a hotel and registered under his own name and if he ain't took wings he is in de same house with me. Dat's another bone wrote in the book, so make what you can of it."

Schuman sank down, or rather fell into a chair, and for some moments said nothing as he passed his fingers nervously through his tangled gray hair and glared at the floor, apparently with a hope that he was far from being a pleasant sight.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked his shabby companion, casting an uneasy look in the direction from which the bottle had been taken.

"Do?" exclaimed the old man, jumping to his feet, "why, I'm going to get after him!" he began to nervously button up his overcoat. "Here, I'll leave the balance of my bill," he sat down and dashed off a few lines which he signed with a flourish and handed to his companion. "Take that to the Monk's fleet, and give it to the old man, understand?"

"Well, not bein' naturally deaf, of course I do, and I'll attend to the dispose of both, but I'm goin' to forget me, are you?" as the old man made for the door, he asked.

"Oh, you," putting his hand in his pocket; "here's a dollar for you," as he handed it over.

Foxy looked at it scornfully. "Mighty poor pickin's for a man of my talents."

"Wait until I find out if your news is valuable," the old man said, "come," and pushing him out, he followed and locked the door behind them.

He on hand by the morning, Foxy; I may need you," were his parting words, as he set off at a smart trot leaving the shabby man standing on the corner.

He did not relax his gait until the hotel to which Schuman had referred was reached. All the way there his mind had been busy with Darrell. Could this be the young man? Was it indeed Darrell's brother who had arrived at the happy moment to wreck all his well-laid plans? It was altogether too much to be examined at once, and he soon showed that there was a Frank Darrell who had arrived that evening, but he still doubted that the name was a mere one, for one might be only a coincidence. How to get this out of his mind he did not, and did take him long to think out a plan.

"Is Mr. Darrell in?" he asked the clerk.

"I'm not sure," replied that gorgeous individual. "But I'll send up your name."

Schuman wrote on a card "Michael Jarret," and then below the name: "On particular business about your brother."

"That will fetch him if he is the right man," said the old fellow, pursing his lips. A moment later and the bell boy, who had gone up with the card, came down and announced that Mr. Darrell would see him.

"The deuce and all," muttered Schuman, as he got on the elevator, "I was hoping that there might be a mistake."

He was ushered into a pretty little parlor on the third floor evidently part of a suite. This Darrell evidently was in a better situation financially than his brother.

There was no one present when he entered and Mr. Schuman glided here and there noiselessly, taking in every object in the room with his hawklike glances. What interested him most was a writing desk on the table that lay open and on which lay a partly written letter. He read at a glance:

"Dear Mr. Dorrance: I arrived in town tonight and will pay my respects to you and the family as soon as I learn that you are at home."

That was all, but a grim smile came over the old man's face.

He lost no time, it seems, but if I know anything that letter will never be sent—it will never be finished."

The sound of a step caused him to turn hastily away and he began to stare at a picture on the wall.

"You wished to see me?" asked the young man who had just entered the room.

Schuman's first thought was how much he resembled Grace, but there was a difference and in favor of the young man who now stood beside him. The brother was stouter and looked younger, there was not that jaunty air about him and—he did not detect those lines about the eyes and mouth which were the marks of night revels and dissipation. In short he was an idealized portrait of his brother, and, though two years older, a well ordered life made him look much younger.

"You wished to see me?" asked Frank Darrell, in a pleasant voice, for the old man was so busy examining the man who had broken in on his plans, he heed what was said.

"It was about your brother that I wished to speak," said the old man, in a very mild voice. "I happened to be looking over the register of the hotel when I was first struck by your name, and as I knew that Grace Darrell had a brother in the Idealized portrait of his brother, and, though two years older, a well ordered life made him look much younger.

"You wished to see me?" asked Frank Darrell, in a pleasant voice, for the old man was so busy examining the man who had broken in on his plans, he heed what was said.

"It was about your brother that I wished to speak," said the old man, in a very mild voice. "I happened to be looking over the register of the hotel when I was first struck by your name, and as I knew that Grace Darrell had a brother in the

mocking laugh and then footsteps dying away in the passage.

"You did. I was to trust myself to a stranger so blindly," he muttered. "But how did the man come to know so much?"

An attempt had been made to furnish this room, for it contained a regular bed rather shabby, in appearance but made up with blankets and pillows. There was a chest of drawers, on which a solitary tallow dip was burning, and a strip of rag carpet lay on the floor. He noticed now that the door through which he had entered was strongly built of oak beams and that the solitary window was barred and overlooked a neighboring roof.

What was the object in luring him there? He had been at the old man's mercy in the gloom of the stairs, there was no need of any further preparation to do away with him.

He examined the place carefully and saw that he was indeed as safe from escape as if in prison. The house seemed to be deserted and it was not likely that in such a locality cries would excite any interest or even gain attention. There was nothing left for him to do but await developments like the sensible young man that he was.

Taking a cigar out of his pocket he sat down, lighting it by the flickering candle which he saw was slowly sinking in the socket. He thought that it must soon burn out and leave him in the gloom seemed to be the most terrifying fate of the situation. While there was light he could see to defend himself but after that—who knew what then?

He watched it burning with a feeling of terror and no desire now to continue his cigar. With what speed the flames seemed to consume the wick! He almost stood there contemplating it with staring eyes as if in such a feeling that when that light went out his own life would sink into darkness. A nameless fear seized him and he found himself picking up the crumbs of tallow that had fallen at the bottom of the holder and placing them round the flame to keep it from going out.

As the light in spite of all his efforts began to burn dim the shadows lengthened in the bare room. Then, overcome with the fear that oppressed him, he flung himself against the door and beat upon it with his hands screaming until his fingers were torn and bleeding. But there was no response from without, but the occasional sound of a rat or mouse scurrying down the passage.

It was useless, he must face his fate with as courageous a heart as he could.

The light grew dimmer and yet more dim. He was worn out with his struggle and the long battle against the unknown. Sleep! Yes; he would sleep, and they might do their worst.

He groped his way by the fading light over to the bed and sat down on the edge.

Was that a rat or what that stirred beneath him?

Then suddenly his feet were caught in an iron grasp from below and he went down, his head striking the floor. After that he knew no more.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONSPIRATORS IN CLOVER.

"The young man don't seem to be in a hurry to avail himself of my invitation," said Don Cleverance as he sipped his watch together a little angrily; "he said he would be here this morning, and it is nearly noon."

"But, papa, dear," replied a young lady who was arraigning a basket of ferns in the window, "you can't expect everyone to travel on schedule time, as we do. You know it is some years since he has been in the city, and I presume are other friends quite as important as we."

She was a slender young girl, entering on womanhood, dainty as a Dresden shepherdess, with her naturally colored hair and porcelain skin, the delicate coloring of which was enhanced by a dress of creamy cashmere covered with a cascade of old lace. Though she appeared so young and fragile and scarcely more than a child, she possessed a spirit of her own which her father, the banker, had cause more than once to fear. But she was very fond of the old man and generally humored his whims, for her mother had died young, and except for a maiden aunt, who lived with them in the great house, they had very few relatives.

John Dearmore, seated in the great leather chair in the library fire, continued to read which made his round pink face, like a venerable baby's, look indefinably ludicrous.

"I suppose you are in a hurry to get rid of me," said his daughter, leaving the window and coming over to him. "Are you, popsey?" smoothing the scant hairs on his shining head in a playful way.

"What do you mean by that, minx?"

"Why! isn't it all arranged that I am to marry Frank Darrell?"

"I fancy you wont find that a terrible ordeal," said a chuckle. "When you were children together you were sweethearts and you haven't formed any attachments since, have you?"

"No-o."

"You say that rather doubtfully. If you have, out with it. May be you have, I don't know."

"Well, I guess you would know. Why," with a merry laugh, "I have been so occupied in watching over this old man that I have had no time to think of anything."

He laughed good-humoredly, then said:

"Well, you might have done worse, Ida. You might have done worse. But why do you talk about leaving me?"

"Why, don't people generally leave home and set up for themselves when they get married?"

"Yes; they generally do, but not in this instance. It is a part of the bargain that you two are to live here with me, and don't you let him persuade you into doing anything else, or he shan't have you. So, mind that."

"Well, I'm sure that is to my liking. I wont leave you, papa, no matter what the scripture says on the subject, but you never thought of one very important thing."

"What's that?"

"Frank may have made what they call 'other engagements' himself."

"Bah! I never thought of that. But I fancy if such had been the case his father would have had something to say on the subject."

"Fathers don't know everything," said Stella, with a laugh.

"No; and it's a great pity that they don't, or they might be able to keep their young hopefuls out of many a snare and pitfall. But, seriously, I don't see why Frank should not come and bridge would we get to it. Frank will make you a good husband, unless he is woefully changed in the last few years, and then the dearest wish of my life will be accomplished. I used to think when you and he were youngsters that you were just made for each other, and if any one has a better claim it is Frank."

He looked at his watch again and growled out: "He is not a punctual man. I have that against him to start with. I wont wait much for him, anyway, and it's nearly time."

"Don't growl at him when he comes or you may drive him away," said Stella.

"Don't tell me how to welcome my old friend's son, Miss Pert. Children are not what they used to be."

"I don't want him to think that you are too eager to renew his acquaintance. Young men are conceited enough nowadays without their vanity."

"But where shall I go?"

"Go! Go nowhere, you please. See if the luncheon is ready. You can join us in a few moments."

"Oh, there it is yonder."

"But, papa—"

"No argument now; vanish—there's the bell."

Stella sped away from the room while the banker assumed a more dignified attitude in his chair just as the door was opened by a servant, who announced:

"Mr. Darrell and another gentleman."

"Show them in here, Jenkins."

George Darrell followed closely by Desmond, entered the room. They were both dressed with scrupulous care, Desmond having for the once renounced some portion of the jewelry he was so fond of wearing.

"Welcome, my friend," the banker, tooking him over approvingly. "You have not changed much that I can perceive, and you. You resemble your father."

"Let me present my friend Darrell, with a slight flush on his pale face. "This is my friend, Will Desmond, who is good enough to serve as my companion and secretary."

"Any friend of yours is welcome to my house," said the banker, casting a searching glance at the stranger, "and when I say that I mean it. Until then, gentlemen, sit you to take the hand that was extended and Desmond nodding to the big savage, who stood behind Darrell, but I wouldn't trust him," was the thought that passed through the old man's mind as he turned graciously to Darrell:

"Now, I will ring for Jenkins to show you to your rooms. They communicate and I hope you will be very comfortable as long as you are with us."

"I have no doubt of that, sir; that your daughter she is well, I trust?"

"Stella is always well; you will see her at lunch. Until then, gentlemen, au revoir," as the servant entered and received his orders.

"Hey, this is not half bad, Darrell," remarked Desmond, a few minutes later as he lolled in an easy chair by the window that overlooked the river in one of the handsome rooms that had been assigned them. "Do you know I have almost a mind to turn respectable. What could be nicer than to settle down for life in such a cosy place as this with a handsome wife and bank account and never have to worry more about pigeon hunting?"

Darrell, however, did not seem to be so charmed with his surroundings, but walked up and down the room with a troubled face.

"I confess I can't share your enthusiasm," he said, pausing in the middle of the floor. "I think playing this part will prove harder than I thought it would be. Describing the honest, simple-minded people——"

"Oh, bah!" retorted the other, "what are simple people made for but to be plucked by enterprising fellows like you and me? There, now, don't get riled because I mix your name with mine. We are in the same boat and you consented to the arrangement with your eyes open."

"I did, I did," said Darrell, almost with a groan as he sank into a chair.

"Then why this sick? Surely matters could not move along more pleasantly than they have so far. Look here," and he came and stood over Darrell's chair, "you don't want to kick over the traces, do you, before you have fairly started? Do you want to go back to the misery and squalor from which we rescued you? If you go back——"

"Well, what?"

"It will be to something worse. Schuman never forgives a man who has once balked his wishes, and he has set his heart on this scheme. There are worse things than poverty and misery. He could easily fasten a crime on you that would forever forfeit your liberty. Now, do you understand?"

Darrell turned away from the savage earnestness expressed by the other's eyes and buried his head covered his face with his hands.

In next week's Ledger further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear. To all subscribers our free enneras and free patterns are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

# THE IDLE GIRL.

BY FLORENCE TOMPKINS.

The idle girl is always tired, always murmuring peevish, fretful complaints about her physical condition, the burdensomeness of life and the mad defiance of fate. Her every breath of life and thought is personal, the hurts of a dead level selfishness.

An idle girl is a human vacuum ready to receive stagnants and to generate. Her maudlin sentimentalism has but one realization—love—concentrated in the essence of passion and lust. She has no vision of a woman in a spiritual soul linked to that of the world around her; her thoughts woman is a debtor of love, ready and willing to pay the debt, and to man and all things of the earth. Let a barriered stream be fired into action, and it quickly becomes pure and sweet. So the barriers of selfishness in the idle girl become cleansed and sweetened and humanized that it sweeps over.

The idle girl is a prisoner locked up in her own sloth. Her bones are rickety from the decay of no action. Her blood is effete, her breath fetid, her thoughts sluggish and poisoned with evil ideals and suggestions. She is a pool of human energy dammed into putrification of the senses by the decaying vegetation which she has planted with the seeds of her idle thoughts and dreams. Man's health and comfort demand that there shall be no dammed up rivers of human decay in the land in which he lives. He spades the decay and waste matter away with the willing hand and spirit. Everything must give way to the life demand for clear running water. He cuts down trees and flowers and transverses fields of sweet bloom. The end justifies the means of procuring a sweet-smelling current running through.

The idle girl is a moral menace, a home shadow that should be forced into action. Her tone of discontent, her energy of complaints, is a suggestive influence that pulls at home happiness and harmony. As man spades stagnant pools of water, so should a girl be spaded into a life of action, of inspirations to live according to the laws of nature.

Nature's universal law is work. There is no life unmoving in nature. It is always doing, always changing. The idle girl must be forced to work, whether she cries, "I am sick," or say "I am tired." Life offers me nothing but the fact of living." All these cries are but the decayed odors of the idle girl. Spur, incite or spade her up, but work she must. Work is the savior of her own soul, the welfare of her health and the harmony of her family life.

An idle girl in lazy per se beyond all estimation. She is, indeed, a sluggard within and without, centered on self. Sometimes these delusions only require a word, an incident to awaken them to them realities of unending shame and sorrow. If the idle girls of wealthy or well-to-do parents, as most of them are, they should be forced into an action of efforts with an active hand in the household machine. The first effort should be physical. Cold and hot baths, long walks and out door exercise of daily duties and home responsibilities.

If the idle girl is beyond the gentle influence of wealth, there is one sure cure to her idle way of living—poverty for her daily bread. Force her out into the world to earn her own bread, even if the salary first received is of mockery of a pittance.

The busy, self-supporting working girls are always bright and cheerful because they live within a phase of universal understanding of an use and purpose in life. Every human being has a potentiality of great force within him, if he will but seek it in the right way. Work will always develop it to its greatest strength. Every force in man grows from within outwards. Our energies for good and evil are sowed within our souls and reaped in the harvests of our acts and demands.

An idle girl is a social leper, a danger to herself and a contagion of unrest to those within her environments. The idle girl in the evolution of the idle, selfish, pampered and petted, unrestrained in her ethic of childish tyranny and demands for sycophant flattery and praise. She is the harvest bitter weed, sowed with the seed of love-slothful parents, who forget that true love is the highest justice to those we love.

Every parent should teach their children the self-finance of their own efforts of obtaining. A child who drifts through life without responsibilities, any ideals of nature's truths, any education of helping and sharing, has been deprived of the understanding of his own strength and impetus of happiness.

Statistics quote that eighty per cent of the immoral women in the United States have been lured into their misery of sorrow by an ignorance of the ways and means of earning honest wages. The daughters of wealthy men, the daughters of the country farmer, the daughters of the city laborer, all are the victims of the unnatural, or not the sense, the love of justice, to teach them methods to earn the wages of living.

When an idle, work-untrained girl sinks to a plane of personal insufficiency, whatever the tragedy of inductive persuasions of her agony, what crime of damnation, ing from the guilt of her wretchedness, when the tutelage of her idle life has shown her that the feet-footed-out sin of a woman's life is her day of eternal wrath, shutting of doors from the face of God's face? She cannot go away to haunts unknown, because the idle girl has failed to learn to work with honest efforts. So she drifts on to a suicide's grave.

An idle girl is a lost woman, if not morally, she is, certainly, physically and spiritually. The idle girl looks downward, not upward. She slumbers, she lives, she thinks, she dreams, but she does not see a soul. Her selfishness and vanity are the channel of her life's drift to the ocean of despair. There is no draught of transformation for an idle girl but work. Work is the refuge of comfort, the rock of safety and the solace to all mankind. It is the energizing force of action, the antidote for the fear of death. It is the only life-giving energy to the idle girl.

### The Lady in the Kitchen.

The original meaning of the word lady was "one who kneads bread," and not "one who fairs." To Lady Mary Sackville belongs the title of the first lady who put present significance, if we may judge from an incident related in The Youth's Companion. Lady Mary was at a fashionable house where she was a guest had planned a brilliant dinner party in honor of the evening, and an hour before the time set for dinner the cook took the "megrims" and declared she had a fit of temper, and left for the city.

Just as the cook was over the pulley of hysteria the knowledge of the calamity came to Lady Mary's ears.

Without a moment's loss she was in the kitchen, with an apron over her tea gown, the center of a dozen maids and scullions. In ten minutes she had proved that the daughter of a dozen earls was not for naught. Order came out of chaos, roast entrees, and salads, were speedily prepared, and when the dinner hour arrived the guests in the grandest knew how narrow was the escape from disaster and famine.

### Would Be Sorry.

A short time ago an English parson saw an Irish member of his congregation carrying bricks up a ladder to a building in course of erection. "What's that you're building, Pat?" he inquired. "Shure, yer honor, tis' a church O'm buildin'."

"A Protestant one?"

"No, yer 'onner, a Catholic one."

"I'm sorry, indeed, to see it, Pat."

"Eh! and so is the devil, yer 'onner."

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J. Pierpont Morgan is taking his annual vacation without pay.

Addicks is having a hard time foreclosing his mortgage on Delaware.

When a wise man knows anything worth telling he keeps it to himself.

An epitaph is a mixture of the wit of the living and the virtues of the dead.

The world always has time to listen to the man who has something to say.

You are responsible for only one tongue, so let others say what they please.

It is difficult to convince a man who has been sued for slander that talk is cheap.

Give a man half a chance and he will tell of a grudge he has against some other man.

Lawyers occasionally make mistakes, but they seldom bring suit against one another.

A man is supposed to be landed when he owns real estate, or when he invests in a marriage license.

Though a man may be entitled to credit for his ability to avoid work, he is seldom able to obtain it at the corner grocery.

In the meantime uncle Paul Kruger shows no disposition to go back to South Africa and mix in with the real fighting.

Perhaps one reason why General Miles is so anxious to go to the Philippines is that they are a pretty long jump from the white house.

Nothing jars a man so much as the discovery that he has married a woman who delights in coming down to his office and getting things in order.

In Germany they are now making sugar from beets and gasoline from potatoes. They have not as yet been able, however, to get blood out of a turnip.

A combination of London capitalists has been formed for the purpose of fighting municipal and state ownership of public utilities. Of course the gentlemen who have joined the combination take action simply because they are "greatly alarmed for the public welfare."

You may go about among nine-tenths of the comfortable homes in almost any civilized country and find that the sun is counted by the typical housewife as her especial foe. She does not allow him even to peep into her parlor, that holy of holies, where her best furniture and her finest carpets and costliest hangings are—oh, no! Science has clearly shown that sunlight properly used decreases mortality. Both physically and morally we should let the sunlight have free right of way into our lives. If we let it into the physical sphere it will find its way into the moral. There is no such thing as too much sunlight.

# THE HERMIT LOVER;
## Or,
# The Mystery of a Double.

By ELLA MARTIN.
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

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CHAPTER VII.
IN THE BAR ROOM.

Ray Clifford made his way on foot into the town and sat down at once in the main saloon of the place. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, but Ray soon warmed to the card table, and watched the players, hoping to get into a conversation later, in which he might do some questioning concerning the matter he had on hand.

Opposite to where he stood sat a thickset man of about forty, with a short, stubby mustache, of a faded, sandy hue, and blue eyes, small, bright and penetrating. He was playing recklessly and drinking copiously while he became more and more talkative every moment.

"Well, did you meet the gal and the black hoss?" asked his vis-a-vis at the card table. "Some o' you fellers orgin' to have enough long enough ter see a dozen maids o' the mountains, I reckon. And she's a purty one. Able ter take care o' herself, too; we've all found that out a-fetchin' her and him."

A coarse laugh left the man's lips in which the rest joined heartily.

"Him, I reckon, is what he thinks about it," said one. "He carried a ball home with him in his forearm, because he wouldn't stop her on the highway, fer a little sociable chat. She goes armed, and carries her head high above us miners."

Jim growled out something about "folks minding their own business and not telling other people's affairs," and turned away.

"If it's the 'maid of the mountains' yer hunting after," said the first speaker, "ye might as well go. I'll tell you fer nothing, 'cause ye'll have ter worship at a distance like the rest of us poor devils. Beauty like hern ain't fer common miners."

"Where is her abode?" asked the stranger, the one with the dark mustache and blue eyes.

"I'll be durned if I know; she's never been seen near any kind of a cabin. She seems ter live in the saddle, and keeps a great black dog a-follerin' her about."

"Well, I think I can find her dwelling today," replied the stranger, "and I also made the acquaintance of the big black dog. He is his master's inseparable companion of this," and he tapped the revolver in his belt. "I met the horse riderless on the way back. Fine animal, that. But, gentlemen, I have located the 'maid of the mountains' and I can wait quite patiently till I am able to get another glimpse of her. What I desire to know now is the whereabouts of the hermit of these parts, for to locate him is my chief object in coming to these mountains."

At this Ray Clifford moved a trifle cautiously further into the shadows, and out of the range of vision of the man who had spoken last.

"I have tried to track this man for some time," he continued, "and have failed, but now he drank more, "but could get no clew to his whereabouts. Now I am tracking the girl, for I believe where I found one I should find the other, and I think it will prove so eventually. And I have this 'maid of the mountains' just where I can lay my hand on her at any moment."

"Not by a long shot you hain't," said the one called Jim, "not by a long shot. If you think you can come it, you'll get a dose of lead."

"Jim knows whereof he speaks," laughed the bartender.

"It is the hermit I want to lay my hands on. I have a dose of lead of my own for him. And now that I have found the girl, I shall find him not far off, I warrant."

"You're mistaken there, stranger, leastways as how ever saw them together, or near the same spot, either. He is seldom seen.

"That is just it, she does the necessary going about for the two, groceries, etc."

"Say, mister, air ye a detective, er what?"

"No, not a detective, my friend," said the stranger, "except on my own account. I have little business to settle with him myself, when I find him. He is, you see, in hiding from the officers of the law. His innocence has been proved, though, since he decamped," he added, with a little sarcastic smile, "but he does not know it yet.

"I'll bet he got that gal, Lenore, away from ye; that's what yer grudge is fer. Come, own up now," said his opponent at the game.

At this the small blue eyes of the stranger flashed, and he put his hand to his hip pocket and half drew.

But the hand of a burly miner, who stood directly behind him, pushed him back into his seat again, and in not very gentle tones.

"None o' that! Yer a stranger here and we're willin' ter treat yer well, but ye've got to take us as ye find us—plain-spoken and not over perlite. We don't mean any offense, but we say what we like in the way of banter; and no tenderfoot is goin' ter pull a gun every time one of us opens his mouth. Take us as we air, pard, or clean out. We all hang together, and a stranger can't run us."

The one who had grasped him by the shoulder did this bit of talking and whether the man liked it or not he was obliged to submit. He looked sullen, however, and quit the game as soon as the hand was played out.

As he rose to his feet, Ray Clifford turned his back on him and as soon as he could slip away without attracting attention he quitted the room. He had learned what he wanted to know, or, at least, all that could be learned there without entering the conversation, or asking questions. And he did not want this man who was searching for the "hermit of the mountains" to get a sight of him.

As soon as he was gone one of the miners who had said nothing, but observed a good deal, approached the short, thick-set man and drew him aside.

"What will ye give me if I tell yer what to find the hermit?"

The other drew forth a gold piece.

"This, and more," he said.

"Well, mister, the hermit himself, stood in this room and heard every word that was said. He kept out o' yer sight and said nothin' but, when he left, he left just after ye got up from yer seat. Ye will find him at the hut. He is the stuffed bird in the brush."

"But that was not the hermit," said one who overheard this," the hermit has a beard."

"Yes; one what he puts on when he goes out, or else he is shaved now. Anyhow, there's no doubt. Now and every one's impression of the face. Besides, I'd know that voice among a million. Keep an eye on him," he added, "ye needn't pay me nothin' unless it's right."

Without a word the stranger left the saloon. On the steps outside he paused and glanced around for the horse which directed the man had gone. Along the road ahead of him he discovered a tall form, in the pale moonlight. He stepped down followed silently after it.

If this was the man he was seeking and he had overheard everything, he must be careful, for he would be prepared; he could not overtake him unobserved now; he would only run on his hermitage.

So he followed on, keeping the man ahead of him in sight, but only trying to gain on him. Once he saw him turn and look back and he darted into the timber by the roadside, but watched with strained neck till the figure started on again; then he followed as before.

He firmly expected to track the hermit to his lair, where he would be prepared, at last. What his object was, he hardly knew. Money, perhaps, was the ultimate result should be the consummation of his revenge. But first he should like to prove to himself that his daughter was the same as that of Lenore. Ah! then his revenge on her who had scorned him and his love would be a glorious one! Proud and imperious as she was, she should be brought to do her will would be to drag her spotless name in the dust, that they had fled together was his firm belief.

As the reader will have guessed, the stranger was Norman of Lenore's mother, the man whom her parents had intended for her husband. This man, James Billings, had sworn to hunt them down and in some way be avenged for the slight put upon him.

His heart had been filled with hatred for his rival for Lenore's hand, and when now that love was not unmixed with hate, he had laid his plans well. To ruin that man she loved and they had not miscarried, but owing to her devotion and self-sacrifice, the crime had been laid on him. For that, sure, he had himself escaped punishment; but it was engraved in the eyes of the public, an outcast from society, while they were free and happy. But that, he swore, not be; he had nothing now to live for; he had lost what was always left to ruined mortals—revenge.

But a vague hope also that in some way he might find out the whereabouts of the fortune had inspired his search. He had worked for that from the first, and had then followed it up assiduously.

Now as he followed the man before him, he was amending his plans. But finally in keeping the mountain road till he neared Lenore's dwelling he turned off and entered Guich House.

This man the hermit! The miner must have been mistaken. The hermit, it was said, was seldom seen, and certainly had never been known to so openly show himself. But perhaps he would soon emerge from his place, he could not be he meant to spend the night there. But he waited in vain for his reappearance, though he waited long and patiently, he must certainly miss tracking him to his den, now that he had found him.

But he had not seen his face plainly, and at last he concluded that he was on a false scent. Unless—here a new thought struck him—unless while masquerading as the hermit, he wore a disguise. The miner had mentioned that, with the exception of the beard, there was no difference between the man he was tracking and the one known as the hermit. No wonder he was never seen, when a change in his appearance was made whenever he went abroad.

There was no use to enter the hotel now, he thought to himself, the man would have retired before now. But he was convinced that the miner was right, the hermit had

## PUZZLED.

### Hard Work Sometimes to Raise Children.

Children's taste is oftimes more accurate in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body than that of adults. Nature works more accurately than we children.

A Brooklyn lady says, "Our little boy has long been troubled with some digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on. One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper and I think he would have liked them for dinner, too.

The difference in his appearance is something wonderful.

My husband has never been known to fancy cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it.

A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with the rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical. They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this City, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in the right kind of food, for she has seen the evidence of it each every day.

When I have some task to perform about the house and don't feel very strong, a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream will refresh me and I am able to do the task at hand with ease.

We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

### What It Would Be.

The Teacher—When the logs get caught in the fast-moving stream, what would you call that?

The Boy—Why, I'd call that a current jam.

### There Is a Cure

for every stomach trouble, including all forms of indigestion, or dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, nervousness, headache, sour stomach and bowels. This remedy has never failed to relieve the most distressing and stubborn cases.

This remedy will cure any case of constipation, to stay cured, so that you are free from that trouble in a week.

The most remarkable remedy is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

Any reader of the Ledger may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Rochester, N. Y. It cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion, constipation, all of the forms of disease of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, enlargement of the prostate gland. One dose a day does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently.

### One of the Directors.

"They tell me that Jim Muggins is one of the directors of the new bank organized now," said the grocer.

"Yes, I guess Jim has' time I was down to town," said Mr. Meddergrass. "He directs the envelopes fer the firm."

### When Vacation Time Comes

the Lackawanna Railroad can help you in choosing a resort. Its Summer Book will tell you about it. Send 2 cents for a set of board. Send 5 cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing, to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

### For Economy's Sake.

Towne—I should think Peck would object to his wife posing for a new cereal.

Browne—Not at all. He has induced her to wear the neckties she bought him for Christmas.

We heartily endorse Edelweiss Maltine. See ad. with free offer on page 7. You should write for it. Don't delay. Only 10 cents for part payment of express and packing.

### Same as on Earth.

St. Peter—Who was that young fellow you were quarreling with this morning?

Methuselah—Oh, that was one of those fresh "oldest inhabitants," who insisted on relating reminiscences.

### Land and a Living

Are cheap in the new south. Land $3 to $5 per acre. Low rates twice a month. Queen & Crescent Route. Write for maps, etc. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

### It Would Seem So.

A tombstone epitaph seems to be
A case of posthumous fame.
In which at last a man at what he wants
After he's out of the game.

### A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. B Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier), says if any one suffering from a Kidney and Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give, just directs you to a perfect cure.

### Endless.

Stubb—Once more the papers say the Filipino army is on its last legs.

Penn—Great guns! that army must be a centipede.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

# The Hermit Lover.

(Continued.)

Ray Clifford were one and the same person. It might be that he had learned of his vindication, and no longer cared to remain in hiding.

Well, he had found them both just in time to work havoc with their happiness. He would begin at once, for it was almost certain that they would, if knowing themselves cleared from blame and disgrace, as they might know, return to civilization. And there he would have less opportunity to call them to account.

This speculating he turned away and tramped on in the warm, moonlight night. Several days had passed since Lenore had been spied upon by some one hidden on the mountainside; and, feeling secure in her retreat, she began to grow negligent with regard to the fastening of her doors. The impression caused by Jet's encounter with the unseen person began to wear off. Perhaps, after all, she thought, it was only one of the miners who was tramping around over the mountain and had accidentally stumbled upon her retreat, and had only tried to prevent his presence being known when he saw her sitting on the boulder. And he could not be blamed for firing at the dog when it attacked by him.

All this reasoning served to make her more careless. And one evening while she was preparing a late meal for herself and pets, she heard a footstep on the stone floor, and, springing to her feet, she faced about and found herself confronting her old suitor, James Billings.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FACE TO FACE.

Her hand had been on her revolver ere she rose from her kneeling position by the hearth, and now the weapon flashed in the face of the intruder.

"Whose this intrusion, sir?" she demanded, her coal black eyes flashing fire. "Speak! Before I shoot. She held it with tracks! I am not trifling!"

"Put up your pistol, my pretty mountain bird!" exclaimed the other. "You know James Billings is no coward. But neither is he fool enough to get himself shot by coming here as an enemy. And I know you well enough to believe you would not to rid the world of my presence if just cause of provocation could be found.

"But, sit down, and we will have a quiet, sensible talk before we declare war on each other."

"It is like your audacity to invite yourself to a seat in other people's parlors. I live here and can take a seat if I choose, but you will please wait until you are asked to sit down. Now, what is it that you want here? Speak and speak that you are!"

She glanced down at his trouser leg and saw that a piece had been torn out, and with her free hand she drew the piece of cloth from her pocket.

"Here is the rest of your apparel," she said, sarcastically, "my Newfoundland dog presented me with it as a trophy of the struggle between you, whilst you were spying upon me. I owe you a bullet for the way you gave Jet."

"But you wont give it to me, Lenore," he said, with a sigh, "and you have heard what I have to say. Put down your revolver. I am not afraid."

"Sit down!" said Lenore.

"Ah, thank you," dropping into a seat. "Now, open your mouth and say it, whatever it is, if you are capable of speaking the truth."

"Well, my haughty beauty, it is just this: I have tracked you here to get at nothing but I have stumbled onto something I did not expect to find. I have hunted high and low for the man you preferred to me. And now that I find him, here he is quietly living in a mountain cave, as comfortable as you please, with his old sweetheart.

"The way he all innocent enough, Miss Haughtiness, but it wont sound nice when talked over among your former associates. The fair name of Lenore Bennett may be tarnished in the dust, if I will. So be careful not to make an enemy of me, my dear. I am willing to overlook the past, and if you will serve this place with me, we will start all over again in some strange land. You can never hold up your head again in your native city—after the truth is made known in the world.

She had stood erect throughout this speech, the hand in which she held the revolver hanging by her side, her eyes on his face—that hated face—for Lenore was passionate and had tender love as hate, except where she felt perfect indifference, and she could not feel different toward one who had persistently sued for her love. Both hatred and loathing filled her breast now.

But despite her passionate anger at this monster, she knew he could not shoot him where he sat. Reason ruled, though a torrent of human feeling was raging in her soul.

"Do you quite understand me, Lenore?" she: "No; I do not quite understand you," she replied, compressing her lips with a determined attempt to let her face show what she was going to desperation, and yet so helpless.

"You say that your lover shares this mountain abode with you?" he said, sneeringly. "You perhaps innocence, I suppose."

"I profess nothing," she answered, her eyes flashing, "and I defy you! Go back to the place from you disgraced yourself in order to ruin another man—a man hundreds strength and good enough to win where your ugly physiognomy and smoking disposition could not. Go back and tell them—tell them what you please. I shall never return, and care not for those of my set who are fool enough to believe it. And when it comes from you, my disgraced and discarded lover!"

The words stung him and he rose hastily to his feet. But instantly her revolver covered him.

"Sit down!" she commanded, and again he obeyed, not pretending this time to look upon it as an invitation.

"Confound it," he grumbled, "what hurt will it do if I stand up? You don't treat an old friend very well, Lenore."

"You look much better sitting down," she answered, dryly. "And since you forced yourself on my hospitality, you will accept that hospitality in the form in which I deal it out to you.

"Now, then, what have you traced me here for? What is your object? I am here and here to stay!"

"That is, as long as the hermit stays," he put in.

"The hermit? I know nothing of him, except what I have been told. I have never seen him, and his coming have nothing to do with my resolve to stay here in the mountains.

"Now, let me tell you the truth, then go away and leave me in peace.

"I came here to be in seclusion. I have learned to love this location. I care nothing for the past or for the people in it. And I shall never return to parents who cared so little for me that they would have married me to a man like you.

"I am living alone, but I am not defenseless. And I warn you not to intrude upon me again."

"Alone!" he said, sneeringly. "You may have deceived those simple mountain people, but not me. I saw the hermit the other night, and recognized in him your old lover, Ray Clifford. He saw me before I escaped, and has either thrown aside his disguise or has shaved off his beard. He is putting up at the Cabin Home now, but until recently he lived in a cave near this spot, as you seem to profess know."

"It is a foul lie!" cried Lenore, raising her pistol arm, "and I warn you, if you utter the words down your lying throat. But, go, you shall not, for I will not go, say!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing; only you know how this will sound to the world. You shall be published throughout the length and breadth of the land, unless you buy my silence, alternative, Lenore."

"Yes," she said, and the words came slowly, deliberately, as if from between close-shut teeth, "unless I marry you to save my reputation. Well, what a travesty on common sense! Why, the stigma of being your wife, and the disgrace that it carries, would be ten times worse than what you threaten me with!

"But, see here. I am innocent of what you charge me with, and you know it, because I value your opinion, but because it is true, and that you may see it will do you good to remember that you have never seen the person whom they call the hermit; and I believe that he lives only in your existence. But, Mr. Clifford I have seen him. He is not a man to be ashamed of. In House, though only in company with his betrothed, who is also staying there with her parents.

"It may be that he was in hiding somewhere when you discovered him, and have learned of his vindication. But, if so, I have no fear of him. He is a man to be proud of, and I care no more for him than for the veriest stranger. So, now, go!

"I did not know this until I saw him with her. I sacrificed everything for him, and then, after that, he could turn to her and called a quick, violent death.

"But, listen to me. I can turn try to realize how little I think of you, in what contempt I hold you. After all his faithlessness and the death of love for him, I still hold him in greater regard than I ever did or ever can hold you. He may have gone to prison, would have suffered disgrace—and I am proud of him for either—but he would have injured my fair name, which you contemplate doing now, and I would say, go, and do your worst. I shall never leave this life, never return to the world, what care I what people may think or say, so long as I am innocent.

"As for the hermit, it must be the last. I will not tolerate further persecution from you. What you have done I don't deny that, to be perfectly free to live near to nature in the mountains, to revel in the study of music and painting; to find diversion in books and companionship in my dumb friends, who can understand me, and entertray me.

"The entrances to my cavern rooms are provided with stout oaken doors, which can be locked, and nothing but the battering ram could break them down, and these rooms will never be found accessible again. So for what I have done in the past, and to protect myself with," glancing toward the revolver in his hand, "I will not say that I do rather than leave this place with you and Jet, I would shoot you down with this pistol to my head and blow out my brains.

"Now, go, and never let me see your face again."

She motioned him toward the door and he obeyed.

"I will go," he said, "and I will not trouble you again, Lenore, for I am sure I do not believe what you say, that he has never been here with you. It may be that he has grown tired of you, and has gone to see other, but—"

A sharp report rang through the cave, and a shot came so close to the head of the speaker that he dodged, and, instead of taking his leave, but darted into the passage and escaped into the outside and was gone outside under the starry sky.

He had not seen the other rooms and were nothing of the magnificence of the one occupied by Lenore, but could guess from what he had seen that they were quite comfortable.

And nothing had come of his visit. She had met him with the same stinging contempt, and his heart was thirsting for vengeance on the man who had won her love when he could not.

He shut the door side to behind him and the bolt shot into place; and he felt safer on the outside. To be sure, he did not believe she meant to kill him. Lenore's aim would not be likely to miss its mark, but he did not relish having her try to see how near to the mark she could come and not hit him.

That was about what she had done, and he knew it. But in some way he would see that she was paid for it.

Meanwhile, Lenore went slowly, thoughtfully, back to the fire.

"He was she hermit," she said, "and I never knew it."

She went on preparing the meal and when it was ready, she called her family of pets about her, and watched them all while they ate, her eyes filled with amusement, but her thoughts far away. Her own meals were usually spread upon the dining table, but tonight she partook of it on the hearth, among her pets.

After the things were cleared away Lenore sat musing for some time. Then, suddenly she startled. A thought had struck her. It was true what James Billings had said, that her lover had been here, in these very cavern rooms. Had she not heard his violin? Could any other have played like that? And he played the very waltz they both had loved so much. But all the while he had been false, for he must have been engaged to Enid then. And now when he had learned that he was free, he had come to her, wretched and she had come.

He had not thought of going back to her who had taken the crime upon herself to free him from the charge. He had not known all the truth, perhaps, when he had pledged himself to Enid, and since then he may have been true to his latest vows. But how easily he had been led into his present folly! She could hardly wonder at it, though having seen Enid herself. She had been drawn to her that day when first they met on the mountain road. Sheer heart hunger had caused her to turn back that she might go to Enid Peary, the first one of her own class she had seen since her parents had ostracized her.

Now that she was convinced that he had been here, and was next to here, so near that she had heard the music, she was desirous of visiting the place where he had been.

Did he know of her presence there when he played? Was it for her, his violin rendered. She remembered that she had heard something strange, as he had thought then —outside her door one night when she had been playing. Had he also heard her music before coming to her very threshold?

Well, she would see now the place where he had lived, if she could find it. She provided herself with a coil of rope which she fixed in her room and fastened one end to an article of furniture in the kitchen and taking up a light, she went forth into the dark, empty caverns, keeping this time to the right, as that direction was near the outside; and only once that were she forced to light and air were inhabitable.

The next room was like her own, but all were empty. She was not discouraged by this, for she knew she must be near the abode.

She did not doubt now that it was he, that her old lover and the "hermit" were one. Only now his hearth must be cold and his room empty.

Suddenly she paused on the threshold of a cavern room, for warm attractions seemed met her; then she solwly advanced, holding her light aloft.

Ah, she had found it, his late home. And he had but recently vacated it, for there were the ashes on the hearth, live coals, and the room had not yet grown chilly.

Lenore looked around here and there, things that no doubt he did not care to take away with him. There was the rude furnishings of the one apartment; boxes, covered with the skins of animals that he must have killed for food, a hearth-rug and some cooking utensils. And there on the rude table was a violin, the instrument of her that sweet-hearted, the one he used to have four years ago.

And this was his only solace—this and a few books; and she had so much. She had every luxury, and a few empty caverns had divided them.

Then the memory of him as she had known him when he belonged to her, and as he was as Enid's lover and her heart ached.

Just then she heard footsteps approaching, and knew that the hermit of the mountains stood before her.

Lenore Lenore further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear, and all subscribers to our paper free cameras and free patterns are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

### King Alfonso Next

This is the last year that Queen Regent Christina will rule Spain, for her son comes of age on May 17, 1902. King Alfonso will have attained his majority, and, according to Spanish law, will take the reins of government into his own hands. The young king is now the richest bachelor in Europe. He is very simple life, with no luxuries or pretensions. The summer at St. Sebastian is always greatly enjoyed by the queen and her children, as there she leads an entirely family life of freedom from all court functions, and the king is delighted to have holidays. He has been extremely well trained, but soon his duties will be at an end and he will be a reigning king. He speaks three foreign languages fluently—English, French and German.


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### The Proper Spirit.

If things don't pan out jest right
Don't set down and mope,
All will cum right ef you keep
Hangin on tew hope.

Hain't no use to kick becuz
Yew don't hev yew'r way,
May be glad yew didn't hev,
Lookin' back sum day.

Don't stick out yewr underlip,
Ef yewr plans go wrong,
Keep yewr whissel greased with cheer;
Try to sing a song.

## AN HONEST FRIEND.

### Cleared Away the Family Troubles.

There is not one thing on earth that could enter a family and do as much honest good and bring as much happiness as in certain cases where coffee drinking is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A family in Iowa Park, Texas, furnishes a good illustration. The mother says, "I want to tell you what happened in our family when we left off coffee and took up Postum. About eight months ago we made the change. I had been, for quite a while, troubled with rheumatism in my right hip and shoulder, swimming of the head, and fluttering of the heart, so I thought I had heart trouble.

Sometimes in walking my head would swim so that I would be obliged to sit down. I had other disagreeable feelings I cannot describe but they will be readily understood by coffee drinkers if they will confess it.

My family were also more or less ill and were all coffee drinkers. Well we gave up the coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee: husband, myself and four children. Even the two year old baby (she had been puny since having the grip) had her coffee along with the rest of the family. When we made the change to Postum she began to fatten and now is perfectly healthy and fat as a pig.

My boys, ten and twelve years of age, are so stout and muscular that people remark about them and ask what makes them so. I do not have any more trouble with rheumatism or with my head, neither does my husband, who was troubled much in the same way. We are all in better health every way than we have been before in years and we are always glad of an opportunity to recommend Postum. I hope what I have said will lead others to make the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

### Mamma Might Object.

She is a cute little girl of seven, and the proprietor of the grocery at which she called is a great friend of the family.

"How much for one of these apples?" she inquired of him.

"Just two kisses," he said, for he wanted to make her a present.

"I'll take six," she said, in a cool, business like way, starting towards the door. "Mamma'll come down and pay you."

We heartily endorse Edelweiss Maltine. See ad. with free offer on page 7. You should write for free bottle today. Only 10 cents for part payment of express and packing.

### Quite True.

The editor of one of our country exchanges gives forth the following wail:

"There is gladness in her gladness when she's glad, there is sadness in her sadness, when she's sad, but the gladness of her gladness, nor the sadness of her sadness is nothing to her madness when she's mad."

### Partially Correct.

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," sheepishly answered the young man. "Only that ain't her name."

### Pat's Idea.

Visitor—No; I wont come in. Could I see Mr. Jones for two minutes?

Servant—What name shall I say, sor?

Visitor—Mr. Vandersplinkentootleheimer.

Servant—Och, sure, ye'd better step in an' bring it wid ye.

### How It Happened.

Mrs. Wederly—What a lovely evening! It reminds me of that night ten years ago, when you proposed to me. The moon was full and——

Wederly (interrupting)—Yes, and it's a dollar to a doughnut I was full, too.

### Sad but True.

Towne—Wasn't that Cholly Saphead who was just talking to you.

Browne—Yes; there's a fellow who has more money than brains.

Towne—Really?

Browne—Yes; I just loaned him a quarter.

### Disappointment.

Student (to cabby late at night)—Hello, there, Mr. Man! Are you at liberty?

Cabby (scenting a fare)—Yes, sir; yes, sir; right this way.

Student (passing on)—Then I congratulate you. Three cheers for liberty!

### His Intention.

"Truthfully speaking," began the poor young man, "I think your daughter is without a peer."

"So do I," snapped the multi-millionaire, "and I shall proceed to get her one."

### Correct.

We are all prone in things of life to hustle for jelly and forget the bread.

Clerk—Here is some delicious cough candy.
Miss Wiseleigh—But I haven't a delicious cough.

### Great Attraction.

The Sunday school teacher had been telling her class about the benefits to be derived from being good. At the conclusion of her discourse, she turned to a bright-eyed little miss and asked: "Where do good little girls go when they die?" "To heaven," was the prompt reply. "And where do the bad girls go?" "To the depot to see the traveling men come in."

### The Reason.

Bilkins (suffering from a heavy cold)—I met forty-five different acquaintances this morning and just forty-four of them told me of some cure for a cold.

Wife—Didn't the forty-fifth offer any advice?

Bilkins—No; he had a cold himself.

### His Observation.

Tom—They say Miss Western is a beautiful bare-back rider. She never uses a saddle.

Jack—Yes; and she's a beautiful bare-back dancer, too. Did you see her at the ball last night?

### He Went.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went." The teacher kept him in one night and said: "Now, while I am out of the room, you may write 'have gone' fifty times." When the teacher came back she looked at the boy's paper and there was, "Have gone fifty times." On the other side of the sheet was written: "I have went home."

### A Suggestion.

"Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a birthday present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something you can manage?"

### Still Life Chatter.

"Gracious, how fast you're running," remarked the dressmaker's lapboard. "You must be in a hurry."

"I should say so," replied the sewing machine. "I've got to make a train."

### Sure to Win.

Two Irishmen went fishing the other day and before beginning operations, they made a wager as to who would make the biggest catch.

They had been fishing about half an hour with little or no success, when Pat, who was standing, lost his balance and fell into the lake.

As Pat went headlong, Mike gave a yell and cried, "Begorra, if yere goin' to dive fer 'em, the bet's off!"

### Located.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write me while you were away?

Mrs. Minks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail, and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Minks—No; I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah, then it is in my husband's pocket.

### She Forgave Him.

"It's all your fault," he pleaded after he had stolen the kiss.

"Mine!" she cried, indignantly. "Have I done anything to invite such liberties?"

"Not directly," he answered, "but you shouldn't be so irresistibly attractive."

Thus we learn the value of diplomacy, for he got another.

### Miss Pechy's Pets.

Jack—Miss Pechy's poodle is dead. Did you hear about it?

Tom—Yes; I'm going to call on her.

Jack—To condole with her, I suppose.

Tom—No; to propose to her.

Jack—Ah, you want to get in before she takes up with some other puppy.

### Child Terrible.

"If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one." "What's his particular fault?" "Do what I will, I can't break him of the habit of telling the truth right out when we have company."

### Always Ahead.

"Oh, come now, I say!" exclaimed the Britisher, "you must admit we're ahead of you in a grite many w'ys." "In one great particular I admit you are," said the Yankee. "And that is?" "Time. It's 8 o'clock in London and it's only 2 here."

### Cool.

"Will you kindly get off my feet?" said the fat man icily to the tall man who was hanging to the car strap.

"I'll think it over," said the tall man. Then he added: "Is it much of a walk?"

### An Easy Way.

She—I hear Mr. Writings is a great autograph collector.

He—Yes; he collects the signatures of the editors who return his stories.

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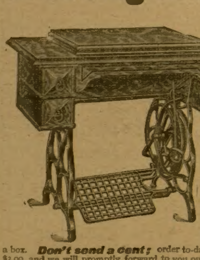

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# Storyettes.

### A Curious Situation.

How is this for a "situation?" An American who, shortly after his engagement to a fellow countrywoman was announced last spring, sailed for England to spend the greater part of the summer at the country seat of another fellow countrywoman married to an Englishman.

While there the American met a charming English girl in whom he became much interested, the fact that he and his fiancee had parted not upon the best of terms giving a certain zest to the interest. Whether the fiancee on her part had for the same reason become interested in another man is not known. At all events, affairs progressed to such a state that the fiancee decided to break the engagement. That it might be done as quickly as possible, she broke it by cable.

Now, all telegrams, cable and otherwise, addressed to the English country house are telephoned up from the village. The telephone being near the butler's pantry, a servant generally receives the message and delivers it to Reginald as he is intended. Upon this occasion the footman received the cable dispatch over the telephone. He at once departed to find Mr. Biggs. After some search over the house and grounds, the guest was finally discovered in a boat on the lake in company with the charming young lady with whom he had fallen desperately in love.

"Cable for you, sir!" shouted the footman, from the shore.

What is it?" called back the American, who didn't propose to give up his row with the charming English girl for anything.

"Cable for you, sir," yelled the footman, not wholly oblivious, perhaps, to the situation.

"Shout ahead!" cried the American. "I can hear you, all right."

So the footman shouted: "Return—photograph — yours — follow — by — post — engagement — off."

What the American said in reply, we don't know. There is also silence concerning the English girl's comments. But the engagement was "on" all right, and the other day the American married the English girl.

### Further Testimony by Mr. Morgan.

"I believe," said the attorney, "that you organized the great P. and S. W. combination?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Will you please explain how it was done?"

"Oh, I've forgotten. It was a matter involving only a dozen millions or so. You can't expect me to keep these trifles in my head."

"And you arranged the consolidation of the G., X. & M. and the K. F. lines, didn't you?"

"Let me see. Yes; since you mention it, I seem to remember that I did."

"The capital involved in this transaction was $200,000,000, I believe?"

"Was it?"

"Don't you know that it was?"

"Heavens, no! Do you remember how much you paid for your baby's undershirt two years ago last January? How can you expect me to go on remembering these piddling details of every-day life?"

"Will you please give the court a definition of the word trust as it is applied to industrial combinations?"

"A trust is a company formed by a few of the richest men in the country to get people trust in them to do it right or move on."

### "Give Me Raggles."

A well-known lady artist resident in Rome relates that while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvidere she suddenly became aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The newcomer, a well-to-do-looking woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles of ——, Missouri, and then asked:

"Is this the Apollo Belvidere?"

Mrs. H. testified to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said:

"Considered a great statue?"

The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world.

"Manly beauty and all that sort of thing?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun.

Yes," responded the now amazed artist. "It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human form."

"Well," closing her Baedeker, and with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the statue, "you've got to the Apollo Belvidere, and I've seen Raggles; and give me Raggles."

### Prince Edward's Frog.

Prince Edward of York, the little grandson of Edward VII., was recently attacked with influenza, and, being a sturdy lad, he complained bitterly because he was obliged to remain in bed. His nurse gave him all the good counsel suitable on such an occasion, but he paid little heed to her until she happened to say that there was a little girl living near the place who was also suffering from influenza, but who bore the affliction like an angel.

"I'd like to know that girl," said the prince enthusiastically, "and at any rate I'm going to send her a present. What shall I send? I have been taught that princes when they give presents should give those things which they prize the most. Now the things which I prize the most are my mint of Lord Roberts and my frog, my beautiful green frog which I have so often

Over this problem he pondered for some minutes, and then he said: "I like Lord Roberts very much, but I like my frog a good deal better, and, therefore, I'll send my frog to this sensible little girl."

Miss Biggs—A cousin of mine was married on the west side yesterday.
Mr. Diggs—That's queer.
Miss Biggs—That's queer about it?
Mr. Diggs—Why didn't he get married on all sides while he was about it?

### Doing Their Arithmetic.

Children believe so confidently what they hear that if they do not accurately their minds sometimes run into queer fancies. A well-known preacher remembers that when he was a child he sang, "Glory, glory, had a new year;" for "glory, glory, hallelujah!" Always fond of a similar childish misunderstanding of sound is told by a Sunday-school teacher.

To hear that class say reciting the Christmas lesson. Six-year-old Harold was called upon to tell the story of the Savior's birth.

"Well," he began, "the shepherds were out one night doing their arithmetic when the angels came——"

"But stop, Harold," interrupted the puzzled teacher, "and tell me what you mean by that."

"Well," replied Harold, "I don't see how they could do the dark, and the sheep, and that's what they were doing."

Now think, Harold," said the teacher, "and tell the story as nearly as you can in the words of the Bible."

So Harold began again: "One night the shepherds were a-abiding in the fields——"

"Abiding" had sounded to him like "dividing," and dividing was "doing their arithmetic."

### He Knew His Own.

Carlyle, speaking of America, once said that the south cursed the negro and bade him be free, and the south blessed him and bade him be a slave. His theory gives point to a story told in the Arkansas Thomas Cat.

One of the old-time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down, he found himself penniless and he work in sight. Then he went from house to house.

"If you please, sah," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't ye gib a guy cullud man wuk fer de, or sumpin' fer eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, indeed; very sorry, but have nothing for you."

All who answered his ring addressed him as "sir," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell of a stretched out front. A gentleman appeared and the old man began, "Boss, I is starvin', Can't yo' gimme some victuals?"

"You black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go around the backyard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something to eat, quick!"

But just then the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Thank de Lawd, I foun' mah own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"

### A Useful Maid.

A pretty and elegant young English lady, accompanied by her femme de chambre, had been supplied with stamps at the consular postoffice in Paris. Turning to her servant, she said: "Put out your tongue." The maid did as she was bid and stretched out the unruly member. Instantly and adroitly her young mistress proceeded to pass the gummed surface of the stamp over the tongue. The command, renewed five or six times, was always obeyed and always followed by the same operation. The crowd in the postoffice followed the scene with great interest. The Figaro, which tells the story soberly, and says it happened yesterday, wants to know whether this is the "last cry" of English fashion, or whether it means that across the channel they regard with suspicion the "administration" gum.

### He Meant the Bird.

A man once received as a present from a sea captain a specimen of the bird known as the "laughing jackass."

As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvy, who stopped him. "Phwat kind of a burrd is that, sorr?" asked the man.

"That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner, genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion, and responded, with a twinkle of the eye, "It's not yerself—it's the burrd I mane, sorr."


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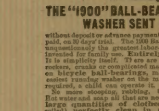


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# THREE WOMEN AND A MAN

BY G. H. PAGE.

"I have something on my mind which is perplexing rather than unpleasant, but which does necessitate a good deal—"

"If you were a woman," remarked Mrs. Eden, "I should say you had just received a proposal and didn't know how to answer it."

"But being a man I'm in the far more difficult position of having a proposal to make."

Mrs. Eden looked at him with her small and lustrous head on one side.

"Tet of not being able to make up my mind to whom."

His hostess rose.

"The sun is in your eyes, isn't it? No, don't stir; I never allow anyone to arrange my blinds but myself; other people only disarrange them."

She stood with her back to Holt while she lowered an inch or two the silken and lace flounced blind.

"There: that's better."

She returned to her corner of the sofa.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have a vague desire to propose to woman in general or to some indefinite-to-be-met-with she?"

"I ought to have said 'to which.' For there are two girls—"

"Ah, two girls," repeated Mrs. Eden.

"Who are both so charming that I can't decide between them, and, of course, I can't as usual, ask the help of my difficulty."

"Then I know these highly fortunate young women. Am I permitted to assist you to distinguish?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, laugh. But you've so often advised me to get married that it's only kind to help me to put your advice into practice. I mean to make-to-be-met-with she."

"Intimately. Did I not see her for a whole day in the country last summer? And I approve your taste. She is good to look at."

Holt appeared pleased.

"Yes; is she not handsome? Such a fine figure and so tall."

"That's her one fault. She's almost too tall. She's taller than you."

"Dear lady. You're quite mistaken. She is three inches at least below my height. She is certainly not more than 5 feet 8."

"What are you? A measuring worm, to a woman is as tall as she looks, and Miss Whelan looks taller than you."

"Then I suppose it's her long frocks," observed Holt, with a slightly injured voice, but Holt had abandoned the argument.

"Do you like her as well as you admire her?" he wanted to know.

"I adore her. Women never do less than adore one another. It is the very decadence. But I should have got on with her better if I had been more dreadfully afraid of her."

"Why on earth should you be afraid of her?"

"Oh, she's so clever, so well informed—"

"She is well informed—"

"While I, you know, am such a perfect little Ignoramus."

"I know nothing of the sort. In your own way you are tremendously clever, too."

"But what a commonplace way that is! I can keep house, certainly, and out of debt and I could make my own clothes and cook my own dinner if it were necessary; but, then, any woman can do all that and look."

"I wish to heaven any woman could. I wish my landlady could."

"But I can't read Greek, as Miss Whelan does. She carries a pocket 'Aristophanes' with her up the river and would see how now and again enjoying silent laughter as she read. It's horrible to a woman who can't enjoy Greek jokes, isn't it? But, then, of course, you and she could enjoy them together."

"Oh, as to my Greek," said Holt, and with a shade of irritation in his voice, "the memories of it afar. "Margaret, you see, studied at Vassar."

"Could I fail to see it? Vassar is written all over it with indelible ink. It writes from her manner, which is an impressive manner, an overwhelming one. A manner which puts me altogether in the shade. And in spite of the fact that I'm a widow with gray hairs."

"Have you gray hairs?" asked Holt, much interested. "I don't see any. It's a mere calumny."

"There was certainly one there yesterday. Well, at least I know I've never seen any gray hairs; her hair is too pale-colored to show any."

"She has curiously colorless hair, I admit," said Mrs. Eden, "but, nevertheless, the use of hair dye. Kitty Redfern's hair is much nicer."

"So the other one is Kitty? Dear little Kitty! I like Kitty. Everyone likes her. It would be impossible not to like her. I agree with everyone and is of your own opinion even, though I've expressed it. She's so beautifully feminine."

Holt assented. "She's like the finest, the most plastic clay, the whitest unwritten page—"

"On which you write all you wish, but the writing dries off immediately, leaving the surface ready for writing before; while her plasticity is of the kind which takes, but cannot retain an impression. The moment the pressure is removed her mind springs back to its original form—leanness."

"It is true that her innocence of any opinions is sometimes perturbing—"

"For while Echo is charming in the fable you hardly want her seated by your fireside."

"And I shouldn't wish my wife to be a mere mush of concessions."

"You are too intelligent. There are many men for whom Kitty Redfern would be ideal; for the man who merely requires a presentable mistress of his house, a healthy mother for his children. But you need something more than this; you need a companion—"

"With whom I can enjoy Greek jokes. Which seems to bring me back to Margaret Whelan, does it not?"

"Oh, but a companion who is also a good comrade. Some one who can appreciate your own little things as well as those of Aristophanes. Now, I should scarcely venture to try any joke on Miss Whelan which was less than a thousand years old. On the whole, I don't consider her any more suitable than Kitty. Less so, in fact. For if one doesn't want too much concession in a woman, neither does one want a too strenuous opposition. And Miss Whelan can be strenuous. I've heard her."

"I have I," murmured Holt, reminiscent.

Mrs. Eden laughed.

"You're exasperating!" she told him.

"I'm glad I exhilarate you, for I'm much depressed myself," said he. "I seem unable to pull this affair off. You tell me to get married and I follow you, and my suggestions don't find any favor in your eyes. Perhaps you will make a suggestion yourself."

"My suggestion would be such an exceedingly obvious one—"

"Which is actually the reason I can't see it for myself."

"It is merely that you should make an effort to obtain the woman you're in love with."

"But surely I'm more or less in love with Margaret and Kitty."

"Believe me, very much less rather than more."

"Dear lady. Please what signs do you judge me?"

"By these signs." Mrs. Eden told him. "When you are really in love with a woman you don't weigh her in the balance with anyone else. She stands above every one, unique and alone. You don't ask other women their opinion of her; you force your opinion on them. You are in her society as often as you can imagine it, and you are filled with solicitude for her welfare whenever she is out of your sight. You don't ask her, laugh with her, discuss with her, and disagree with her. You quarrel with her, and make it up again. You lay open to her the subject you have nearest your heart, and in any difficulty your first thought is to take her advice."

"But there's no woman in the world towards whom I feel like that but you," said Holt, with sincerity. "And—but, why? —Lord! What a fool you must think me!"

He moved close beside Mrs. Eden on the sofa and took her hand between his own.

"Dear—my dear," he asked her persuasively, "do you think you could ever get to love me the least bit?"

Mrs. Eden turned away to hide her smiles and having subdued them turned back with a hysterical word of surprise upon her tongue, up but, looking straight into his eyes, she suddenly threw away play-acting and gave him the warm and happy truth.

"You dear and foolish person," she murmured, "could you not see I have loved you for long?"

Now Holt, who had some wisdom beneath much apparent folly, was wise enough to let this query fall.

"Young man, can you support a family?" "I only want your daughter, sir."

## Lighting Up the Pyramids.

Perhaps the mummies that have for many centuries lain in the dim, silent catacombs beneath the pyramids of Egypt will be startled in their contemplation of the plan of a modern electrician are carried into effect. The darkness that has prevailed among them is to be dispelled for the benefit of tourists who flock to these ancient burial places by the electric light. To this end, it is announced that General Director Maspero of the society which has in charge the preservation of the antiquities of the country has been experimenting with the electric light and began his work on the temple of Karnak at Thebes. The experiment is said to have been successful, and he has decided to light the inner passages and catacombs of the great pyramids. This will provide Egyptian tourists with new attractions and they will be able to penetrate to the innermost recesses of the pyramids.

The lighting will be of special value to women, who have confined their investigations of the pyramids of the left shore of the Nile to climbing up on the outside, as they were afraid of the intense darkness within. With the introduction of the electric light the tombs of the Pharohs will be accessible to all.

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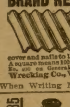

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## A Call From President Harrison.

The late President Harrison was well known as an earnest church and Sabbath school worker. The Saturday Evening Post relates a bit of personal Christian work which he did at a period when every moment of his time was valuable.

It was in 1851, when General Harrison was a candidate for the United States senate. The result of the campaign was exceedingly doubtful and his political future in the balance.

One Sunday a member of Mr. Harrison's church invited a young clerk, an attendant at the Sabbath school, to join the church membership. The young man replied that he could not formally affiliate himself with any church, because, though he believed the Scriptures in a general way, he was still perplexed on a number of points. In that condition of mind he could not conscientiously join a church. This conversation was overheard by General Harrison.

The General quietly ascertained where the young man lived, and on the next evening called at his boarding house. The landlady, who recognized him, was surprised and awed, and replied, to an inquiry if the young man were at home, that he was. She invited the general into the parlor, but he said that he would rather meet the young man in his own room.

He was conducted to a small rear room on the upper floor, and when the young man opened the door in answer to the landlady's knock and saw General Harrison, he said, as he was wont afterwards to express it, that he might have been knocked down by a feather.

Though he had long admired Mr. Harrison at a distance and had become accustomed to seeing him at church, he had never spoken to him, and had not imagined that the general was even aware of his existence.

Mr. Harrison sat down, and with an unpretentiously cordial manner at once set the young man at his ease. He told him that he had overheard, on the previous day, his expression of doubt regarding the Scriptures, and said:

"Now, I am a much older man than you. I have for years been a student of the bible, and perhaps I may be able to throw some light upon the points which you do not understand. I hope, too, that you will not look upon my visit as an intrusion."

Having inquired as to what points were doubtful, General Harrison proceeded to invest them with a clear and definite meaning, and then entered upon an elaborate and masterful exposition of the basic truths of the Scriptures.

At length the talk drew to a close and Mr. Harrison looked at his watch.

"Why, how late it is!" he said.

It was two o'clock in the morning and he had talked with the young man for seven hours.

## Chinese Provincialism.

In A Cycle of Cathay, Dr. Martin shows that the average Chinaman knows absolutely nothing of the outside world.

Away from great cities the Chinese always exhibit a friendly and unsuspicious disposition. "He speaks our language," they said of me, "if his whiskers were shaven off, he would be as good-looking as we are."

They asked me not from what country, but "from what province." I came, and occasionally inquired whether it was Tartar or Chinese. In one case the most learned man in a village, after talking with me in the evening, came back in the morning to say that he had not been able to find the name of my country in his Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. I inquired the date of the work and found it was two hundred years old.

## What's in a Name?

"Ah, what's in a name?"
"If it's got a title it's worth about a million."

## Why He Wanted the Minister.

Willie had swallowed a penny and his mother was in a state of much alarm.

"Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor. Willie has swallowed a penny."

The terrified boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed, "send for the minister."

"The minister!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes; because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."


# HEALTHY YOUNG GIRLS

An observant person who rides much in street cars, or who sees much of the mature school girl, cannot help noticing how unhealthy many of these girls look. It would be even a conservative statement to say that *most* of these girls look unhealthy. Some of them are pallid and listless. Some of them have circles about the eyes and muddy or blotched complexions. None of them seem to have the vigor and vivacity that belong to the very spring time of life.

Now and again some wise man or woman calls attention to these facts and concludes that they are the result of excessive study, over-application and too close confinement. But the medical observer will tell you that these are only accessories after the fact—and the main cause of the evident unhealthiness is probably the result of some irregularity of the womanly function. Given this condition of womanly ill-health with study and confinement in rooms often ill-ventilated, and you have a combination of conditions sufficient to account for the lassitude and debility which shows itself in every look and every movement of these young girls—who are really girls no more according to Nature's reckoning, but are already young women.

The time when girlhood changes to womanhood may be justly termed the critical period of a woman's life. For on the proper establishment of the natural womanly function the future health depends, and unhealthy young girls cannot be expected to develop into healthy young women unless the cause of ill-health is removed.

"My little girl was weakly and subject to pain in her side," writes Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fisher, of Diana, West Va. "Had great dark circles under her eyes. I gave her part of one bottle of 'Favorite Prescription;' the pain disappeared and so did the dark circles from under her eyes, and now she is as bright and rosy as any child. She is twelve years old. I hope that all who are troubled as she was will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce. He will give free advice to all who write to him."

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# THE FLYING ELEPHANT;

## Or,

## Young Dan Rice and His One Horse Show.

By COL. OROM EFLOR,

Author of "The Boy Who Owned a Circus."

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CHAPTER I.

A BOY WHO FILLED THE BILL.

The only live, up-to-date person in Dead Center was a boy sixteen years old.

The boy's name was Dan Felix, but he was known by a nickname:

"Young Dan Rice."

Dead Center was about the deadest town in the middle west. It was a mere hamlet, containing two or three stores, a wagon shop, a blacksmith shop, two churches, and about three hundred inhabitants.

Young Dan Rice was a natural born showman, and he had been a hustler since at five years of age, he had been first to sell metropolitan newspapers in Dead Center.

Until that time few papers except the patent inside sheets published around about had found their way to Dead Center, and Dead Center people had never heard of important events in the outside world until they had become back numbers everywhere else.

But young Dan Rice had changed the order of things, and it was not many weeks after he entered upon his career as a purveyor of news before he had Deacon Bell, "Squire Flagg, Uncle Si Potts and some other dead ones turning out at five o'clock in the morning to get their papers to read before breakfast.

Once it was necessary for that crowd to get up early to keep tab on Young Dan Rice.

The boy put up many an annoying joke on them and lost no opportunity to improve upon the fact that he was very much alive from daybreak until several hours after sundown, every day in the week.

He had kept on selling papers and had as persistently kept on growing tall and strong and saucy and enterprising.

Young Dan's first venture in the field of amusements was as the proprietor of a so-called "museum," which had as its chief attraction a goat wearing a pair of goggles.

This animal Dan described on his crude show bills as the "Wall-Eyed Bytheomouth of the Planes." To see it boys were compelled to pay five pins or one marble, girls two pins or two peanuts.

That early Young Dan Rice gave evidence of due consideration for the fair sex.

He was then about seven years old and he conducted the "museum" in a dismantled henhouse for two weeks with much success. Then the goat sickened and died.

Dan's mother said she reckoned the boys fed the goat too much mud. The mud was not all. Young Dan Rice longed to be a circus rider and his ambition had led to a fracture of the animal's anatomy.

When Young Dan Rice was ten years old he had learned to do several tricks decently and as the "World-Famed Boy Magician" he gave a show in the school house at Dead Center that was the talk of that part of the country for six months.

Squire Flagg never lived to forget the one boy Young Dan blew soot in the

face, and Uncle Si never tired of laughing at Deacon Bell, who was a bachelor, about how the boy had taken a big "ray youngun" out of that worthy's best Sunday hat.

Then Dan and his friend, Sammy Snagg, both "eighters," gave boxing exhibitions.

Young Dan's next appearance before an expectant public was with a magic lantern. With a few cyclone views, some Johnstown flood scenes, and some civil war battle pictures, he illustrated what he called a lecture on the "Finish of Pompey and Herculeses that came nearer keeping representative Dead Center audience ... nce than anything that had ever struck the town.

That was when he was twelve years old.

Since then he had repeated his thrilling "Illuminated lecture" in numerous school houses round about, and had gained some reputation as a humorist, if not much as a reliable narrator of historical facts, and he and his chum had developed considerable ability as wielders of the "mits."

He had hustled and saved, and now had just fifty dollars in cold cash, locked up in an old ice chest which he called his safe, and which stood in a big store room back of his mother's house, protected by a bull dog and a gun that was warranted to fill anyone with buckshot who might attempt to raise the lid.

One day Dan showed his treasure to Sammy Snagg, and the sight of it made Sammy's eyes bulge out.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked Sammy.

"Start a circus with it," answered Young Dan Rice.

"Start a circus ——"

"That's what I said."

"But, Dan, think; is fifty dollars enough?"

"Sure, on my plan."

"You got all those big tents and elephants with, besides hirin' the band?"

"Dead sure, if the right kind o' schemin's done."

"I wouldn't a believed it. Why, on the bills, them circus fellers all say their shows is 'ten million dollar enterprises' an' their expenses is seven or eight thousand dollars a day."

"All bosh!" exclaimed Young Dan. "Why, Sammy, every one knows they don't have half as much as they say they do—ain't that so?"

"I should say so. Why, last summer, when that show was here——"

Young Dan Rice nodded.

"I know," he answered wisely. "Well, next they do have to fakes and false pretenses. They claim to have two thousand men and women, three hundred horses and ponies, three or four trains of cars, tents so big they couldn't find room for 'em, and 'bout all else on earth ——"

"Yes, an' they do——"

"But do they have——"

Young Dan Rice, with a wave of his hand, will double up a lot of men as ticket-sellers and knights, and as hustlers, and "workies" and canvasmen, and bandits, and the same fellers that sell lemonade in the big show in the 'menadin an' Arabs and Zulus and Hoochee-coochees and other features of the 'congress of nations' in the parade."

"Must take a lot of nerve," said Sammy.

"Sammy, my boy," answered Dan, "it all a matter of gall, and I've got that, ain't I?"

Young Dan Rice tapped his chest proudly.

"Guess you have, Dan," assented Sammy.

"And I've got some capital, too," added the prospective circus proprietor, "and nobody but me has got the combination on that bull dog and shotgun."

CHAPTER II

YOUNG DAN EXPLAINS A DIFFERENCE

"Dum me, if I see how you'll make it out, Dan!"

Sammy Snagg shook his head dubiously.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Dan, do you know a real simon-pure, sure-enough circus?" Sammy went on.

"Sure!"

"Not a play circus?"

"No—that's the kind I'm to be."

"Dan, you can't never do it!"

"I'll show you."

Dan shook his head as decisively as Sammy had shaken his.

"Well, Dan, I'll go to you; that's all I've got to say."

"Sammy, you always say ways and they the things you do' doin' things, Sammy," said Young Dan Rice, reproachfully.

"Well, I do, but there ain't no way you new anyone else to start a circus with fifty dollars, Dan. You could go to ——— spend that fifty dollars hay, oats and peas, and you'd be dead tired of it ——"

"Well, you see, Sammy: I've got to do some promotin ——"

"What do you call doin' promotin'?"

"You've heard o' Rockyfellow and Carnicy and Morgin and Brush—no, I mean Yerkes——"

Sammy inclined his head.

"Well," Young Dan Rice went on, "them fellers is what you call promoters. They fit up big shows and then go an' git other folks to put in the material."

"Oh."

"Yes; an' that's how I'm goin' to proceed. The fifty'll pay the expenses o' startin' the promotin' machine that and my gall'll do the business."

Sammy laughed incredulously.

"Never mind yer snickerin' till ye see the clowns," admonished Young Dan Rice, "for you'll see 'em if you don't tickle yourself to death first."

"But what'd you get into the biz?"

"You jest wait an' see. I've got twenty horses pledged now."

"Pony whistled."

"That's good so far. Whose horses, Dan?"

He gathered about such p'ints, Sammy, my boy. A promoter dassent talk 'bout details till he gets his scheme in hand. You see, Sammy——"

Young Snagg interrupted him with a contemptuous grunt.

"But twenty horses wont make no circus," he declared. "Why, it takes hundreds!"

"On the bills," answered Young Dan Rice, "but not on the wagons. I can have a thousand of 'em on the bills jest as cheap as I can ten.

Sammy was not yet convinced that twenty horses would make a circus.

"Twenty horses'll draw ten wagons," Young Dan Rice went on, "and no show with more 'n six wagons ever struck Dead Center. I ain't plannin' yet for one of these big railroad three-ringers with a museum an' a regular Noer menagerie, but just a good old-fashioned one-horse show. That'll do to start with an' I'll put one together that'll paralyze any small town in the country."

"But it'll take twelve horses to draw the band wagon an' six to draw the ticket wagon," argued Sammy. "That's more 'n twenty. What'll you hitch onto yer wagons ye'll have ter have yer canvas and poles and pegs and so on? Oh, come off, Dan; yer stringin' me!"

"That's only in the parade, my boy," Young Dan Rice assured him. "Them wagons ain't so heavy and two horses apiece'll draw 'em from town to town and I can pack a lot of stuff in the band wagon, ticket wagon and grand tableau wagon and in that way save carryin' along three other wagons."

"But what about yer performin' horses?"

"Why, the same ones'll do both, talkin' about can some o' 'em do the grand entry act where they all ride round, you know——"

"Not without teachin', I reckon."

"But I can find a man that'll train 'em."

"Sir? But them same horses can't do the bareback acts, and walk on ther hind legs and climb ladders and shoot the pistol off, and——"

"Maybe not, but there's other horses that can. W'y, Sammy, you're too easily discouraged. I can hire performers that's got jest that kind o' horses."

"But them fellers get a thousand dollars a week, Dan!"

"On the bills," cried Young Dan Rice. "Not in their pockets. They're just as kindlous to make a livin' as if they were section hands and some of 'em make more'n they do if they was section hands. Say, you!"

"Lordy!" cried Sammy. "I thought they was all Grand Dukes and Lords and Counts and Monses. I thought they belonged to crowned heads of Europe, an' was jest promised to come over here once in a while for one season only."

"On the bills!" yelled Young Dan Rice. "On the bills they're called 'Don' and 'Sig' and 'Count' and 'Monsieur' and 'Signorita' and 'Madame,' and that kind of stuff is printed 'bout as big as a bed quilt but they're plain Pat and Mike and Jim and Sally and Missus and so on to folks that know 'em, and the crowned heads ain't dyin' awake for fear they'll fall off their horses and bust their crowns on their heads. Sammy, my boy, you must get onto the difference be-


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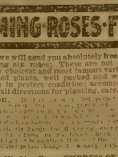

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## The Flying Elephant.

(Continued.)

tween on the bills and on the dead."

"Then show bills is corkers," mused Sammy.

"You bet! They're framed up to catch Joshes."

"And what's a Josh?" asked Sammy.

"A Josh is one that don't know no difference between on the bills and on the pay roll."

"But where 'ud you git any man smart enough to write one of 'em?"

"Right here!" and Dan lapped his chest self-reliantly. "I'i goin' now, Sammy—got to go home, ye know."

"All right," Sammy laughed, jeeringly. "See ye in the mornin', Dan."

Going in by the back way, Dan heard a suspicious sound in the old building that he called his "bank," and through a window he saw a tramp before the ice chest which contained his precious fifty dollars.

"Seems an awful thing to stand here an' see that feller git shot," he thought as he saw the tramp reach for grasp the door handle of the chest to work which would be the concealed shotgun. "I ought to warn him."

But he was too late.

The bulldog sprang at the tramps' throat and pushed the man out of range and, falling back, touched the cord that pulled the trigger and received a fatal charge of buckshot in its own fat body.

As soon as he realized the situation, the tramp laughed, but not for long.

Dan was at him with a club and he ran away as soon as he had come.

But Dan was wiser. He took the money to the postmaster for safety.

"If I'd thought of this, he'd give me the ha-ha," he murmured, "so I won't do

The bulldog sprang at the tramp's throat.

anything of the kind."

### CHAPTER III.

### YOUNG DAN'S DETERMINATION.

Next day, in their discussion of the circus question, Dan told Sammy that he "reckoned" the bulldog had "been stole."

"Oh, he'll come back," said Sammy, scarcely hearing. "Now, 'bout them show bills? Ye don't think ye can swing sich longwings as that?"

"What I hain't got I can git," was Young Dan Rice's reply. "About all you've got to do, Sammy, is to write your stuff out in plain language. Then git one o' them big dictionaries like Professor Snapp has got and find the biggest words in it that mean the same as the little ones. Then write it all over in the big language."

"Looks reasonable, Dan."

"Dan, you mean?" After you're done so far, bring your mathematical ability into play and multiply the whole thing by five or six. Then the job's ready for the printer an' if he knows his biz he'll correct all mistakes."

"Dan, darn me, if that scheme ain't all right."

That's all there is to writin' show bills, the most stupendous and all-overpowerin' literachoer ever produced by mortal man."

Sammy whistled.

"I reckon ye kin do it," he said, like one who is absolutely convinced. "But here's another p'int, Dan—who'd ye git to make a speech in front o' the side show? My soul, Dan, what talkers them fellers is!"

"Well," answered Young Dan Rice, "you know that, fer a kid, I've done quite well at lectur'in'."

"Yes; but, Dan, ye ain't got no voice strong enough fer that side show speakin'. Why, them fellers in the greatest orators in the world. They beat all yer political stumpers out o' their boots, an' their socks, too, I reckon."

For the first time since the two had been discussing the circus proposition Young Dan Rice betrayed fear that he might not be able to fill the bill.

He had not been daunted by the thought of the work he would have to do to organize and manage even a modest concern of the kind; but his remembrance of those leather-lunged gentlemen with the husky voices who had held forth before the awe-inspiring "banners" of the annex, dampened his assurance a trifle.

"Never mind, Sammy," he said, thoughtfully, "those 're great men. Sometimes I've thought they was senators out of a reg'lar job. But we'll be perfectly safe on a little—if my wind should wheeze out, maybe I could hire one of 'em. Of course they're out fr the dough."

"Likely," replied Sammy. "What liars they are. How they do swell what's inside. They certinly do lay clear over the fellers that write the show bills. But, Dan, what about the takers?"

"The takers?" Young Dan Rice spoke with more confidence now. "I guess I can git 'em, Sammy. I must have 'em, you know, or the people'll be disappointed. Remember that feller, Jerry, with the 'Five Continent Tex Confidence Show,' the feller that did Deacon Bell out o' fifteen dollars on that same old game?"

Sammy laughed.

"Why," Dan went on, "the deacon saw the soap and the twenty dollars put in a paper right before his eyes, an' then, when he had paid the fifteen an' got the same package he found in it only the soap."

"And the soap and nothing more," snorted Sammy, "and when he roared the faker told him 'at if 'twasn't a stiddy transaction he could clean it with the soap. The deacon was pretty middlin' mad, fer him." Sammy was chuckling, internally, at the scene, when Young Dan Rice interrupted him:

"Say, Sammy, if you'll git wise an' do what ye can to help me, I'll take you along."

"Me?"

"Yes, Sammy; we've always been good friends."

"So we have, but what could I do?"

"Oh, plenty o' things. It 'ud be better'n loafin' round like a dog. Why, you've jest the same as buried here, Sammy; no chance o' a fair an' overprisin' young feller. As fer me, I'm goin' to make my mark, Sammy."

"I wouldn't wonder."

"Sure. They call me Young Dan Rice now jest for a joke on me; but bymeby when I come in here with a brass band and an elephant and the big red, white and blue bills and the orators an' the fakers, they'll say I'm the real thing."

They had been standing by Sammy's front gate since they had come from school. Now Young Dan Rice went on home and left Sammy to think.

The young promoter knew that Sammy would not only think but talk, and he was ready to have gossip talking 'round in the hamlet about his project.

He wanted to be questioned about it and he was, several times during the succeeding week, by some of the leading men of the place.

All who spoke to him about the matter he answered respectfully, giving out as much information about his plans as he thought best to divulge at that time.

His mother, a widow and a straight-laced lady who held circuses in abomination, now, for the hundredth time, endeavored to dissuade him from such an undertaking.

"Go on lectur'in', my son," she said, "for that must be the sacred desk or to the halls of congress; but don't go into any such business, for it would surely lead you to an awful place."

"Yes, ma; but to no deader place than Dead Center. I can be decent and be a circusman as easy as if I was something else. Anything that'll take me away from here before I dry up and git lazy will be a godsend to me. Sure, ma, a bustlin' showman's better'n a loafer ev'ry time, no matter how good the loafer is; and I reckon some of 'em's good because they're too near

# DEATH

begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, small-pox, cholera, typhoid, or any other of the dreadful diseases that sometimes desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are the filthiest inside, and these are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS, perfect disinfectants and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are prevented by using Cascarets. The dealer who tries to sell something JUST AS GOOD when you ask for Cascarets, lies. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 434

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## The Flying Elephant.

(Continued.)

dead with shiftlessness to do anythin' bad."

"Sh! That's the way your Uncle Cephas used to talk, an' after he drove pa an' ma to sorrowful deaths he robbed me an' your Uncle Seth an' your Uncle John of all pa left us; an' since then I reckon he's gone from bad to worse. I ain't heard o' him or John either for years an' years, but Seth writes to me once in awhile. Funny about Seth, he looks jest like Cephas, but he's decent an' so was John that didn't look like 'em a bit, only he had an ugly temper. Dan, please settle your mind on somethin' solid an' substantial."

The boy was in no mood to heed this warning.

"You're gittin' along in years, ma," he said an' I'm goin' to look after ye more an' more as the time goes on. I'm goin' to git money to make ye comfortable, an' that's how I'm goin' about it. It'll be jest as good money as any other, for it wont be got dishonestly. I'm goin' to give the people a good show for their quarters."

"One would think you had the show already," said Mrs. Felix.

"Well, ma," answered the boy, dryly, "you're goin' to see yer little Danny's name on the bills, an' it'll be clear across the top, too."

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE FLYING ELEPHANT.

One evening, Young Dan Rice made a suggestive allusion to important business and told his mother that he should be gone until late.

"I don't like to have you stay out all hours," objected Mrs. Felix.

"Oh, I'm safe enough. At bedtime, if I ain't here, go right to sleep and forget all about me. I'll come in the back way."

"Dan, I never forget about you. Where are you going?"

"Well," a little impatiently, "I'm going to Sammy Snagg's."

That was the truth, but not all the truth. Young Dan Rice was going to his chum's house, and from there he and Sammy were going on what was to the man important mission.

They were going a short distance out in the country to see Silas Snigger, a farmer, who had half jocularly, half earnestly, pledged twenty horses for Dan's circus enterprise.

By this time Sammy had listened to so much of Young Dan's talk about the show project that he was almost as enthusiastic about it as his chum was.

Dan had convinced Sammy that his plans were not so nearly impossible of accomplishment as the latter had thought them.

It was past eight o'clock when the two boys arrived at an old farm house that set well back from the road.

As they descended the high steps that led to the door, Dan pointed to a field not far away, where a lot of horses were standing and lying about near the fence corner.

"Those are my horses," he said, proudly.

"Yours to git, Dan."

"I've got 'em already, and some day you'll see 'em prancin' gaily to the music of the band."

As he answered thus confidently, Young Dan Rice knocked loudly on the door before which they stood.

"I called to see Mr. Snigger," he said to a woman who appeared.

"Why, it's Young Dan Rice and Sammy Snagg. Boys, how's yer maws Sile's home. Come in, boys."

Notwithstanding her friendly greeting, it was evident that she did not hold Dan in high favor, but as he and Sammy followed her into the sitting room he affected not to see the scowl she gave him over her shoulder.

"Hope ye ain't come out here tonight, Dan Felix, to talk to Sile ag'in 'bout startin' no circus," she exclaimed. "Of all pestercatin' folks under the canopy o' heaven, them circus folks is the wust. Sile, here's that young crank and Bill Snaggs' boy to see ye."

Sile Snigger, who now came grimacing out of a rear room, was in appearance a typical jay. He was lank, gangling, white-eyed and yellow-haired, and had the traditional little bunch of whiskers on his chin. He was probably about thirty-five years old and his expression was one of mingled shrewdness and amiability.

"Ev'nin', boys," he said. "Set right down and I'll bring some apples. Say, Young Dan Rice, how's the circus comin' on?"

As he asked this question, he looked mischievously toward his wife.

"Say, Dan," he added, noting Mrs. Sniggers' awkward shrug of displeasure, "my old woman's walkin' the clothes line every day now an' I expect you'll have to give her a job when we start out."

Young Dan Rice thought he would like to have Mrs. Snigger on a high wire, just to give her a good scare, but a good-natured grin was his only reply to Sile's suggestion.

"It's a sure thing about the horses, ain't it?" Dan asked, as he put three apples in Sammy's lap and took two for himself from the pan that Sile held out before him. "You know, we'll want 'em to eat on the way home."

"What? Two kids like you eat twenty horses? Gosh all fishhooks, but you must be hungry!" exclaimed Sile.

"No—the apples," said Dan.

"Yes; I reckon it's all right 'bout the hosses," Snigger assured him. "Jest you show me the rest o' the circus likely to get in line an' the hosses 'll be on hand."

"Well," answered Young Dan Rice, "I may want some of them to haul some of the other stuff to town."

"All right, Dan."

"And where'll I keep the stuff, Sile?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Right here on the farm, if you want ter. I got plenty o' shed room an' a big barn. Lots o' space, ye see. And now I've promised the hosses an' the headquarters, let's see, what yer goin' ter do?"

"I reckon if you'll let Sammy and me have two strong and gentle horses with harness and whiffltrees, I'll go tomorrow and get the band wagon."


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Sile whistled.

"Ye do mean bizness, don't ye."

"Yes; more ways than one. We can get up rides and picnics and carry the folks in the band wagon and make enough to pay for it. I've bought it of a man named George Bent, over at Wadestown, and got a year's time on it."

"Reg'lar band wagon, Dan?"

"It's all right with a little fixin' and paintin'," explained Young Dan Rice. "Mrs. Snigger, it'll make you proud to ride in it," he added.

"Not much," she snorted. "No sech vehickles for me. Excuse me—count me out, if you please."

"I'll come for the horses at seven in the morning," said Dan as he arose.

"O. K."

"Sile's all right," the young show promoter declared as he and Sammy walked slowly back along the moonlight road to the village. "When Sile says O. K. you can count on him and them horses are mine."

"Seems like it, Dan," replied Sammy. "I'll get up early and be ready when you come along. I begin to see the big tent and the flags now, and—for Lord's sake! Look there! It's an elephant, Dan! Look! Look! An elephant flyin'! Flyin' like a bird, Dan!"

"Right, Sammy," assented Young Dan Rice, regarding wonderingly a huge object that was sailing through the air a few hundred feet above the ground.

"That's an elephant, sure enough," he exclaimed. "Elephants are right in my line, and a flyin' elephant is somethin' new."

"You bet it is," answered Sammy, breathlessly.

"Sammy," shouted Dan, "I'm goin' to capture that for my show."

Sammy was half frightened, but he could not repress a snort of derision at what he considered his companion's stupendous presumption.

"I guess not," he answered, slowly. "That's a little too big a contract for a kid you you. My—gracious! do you see that, Dan?"

"Nothin's gittin' away from my gaze, Sammy," interrupted Young Dan Rice. "Sammy, if you see all I do, you'll see it all. There! How's that?"

"Great! Great!" was all that Sammy could voice.

The flying elephant had stopped in mid-air.

For a moment it was motionless, a big dark blot on a beautifully clear summer night sky.

Its outline was plainly visible.

It was an elephant, complete even to the trunk.

As the two boys gazed as if spellbound at the strange monster of the air, it began to turn round slowly.

Another installment of this very interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. Readers who desire to subscribe are offered cameras and patterns free as stated on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## Baby Telephones Its Arrival.

The telephone bell rang in the home of a New York multi-millionaire, who, at home or abroad, keeps his finger on the pulse of the markets of the world. Half awake, and dimly conscious that it was long past midnight, he staggered to the 'phone.

"Hello, hello!" he said.

Over the wire came the plaintive wail of a new-born babe.

"Gee!" he ejaculated; "it's Jack's long-distance telephone and the baby has come. Say, mother, mother! Get up quick! You are a grandma!"

"How do you know?" cried a woman's voice, excitedly.

"Why, Jack's baby is telephoning from Chicago!"

"Well, father, what do you think of your first grandson? Isn't he a howler?" said the man at the Chicago end of the wire.

"Well, I should label him a 'Shouting Methodist!' Say, Jack, how old is he?"

"Just ten minutes and he is announcing his arrival to his New York grandparents! He is lying on a pillow, and whenever he screams I put his mouth to the 'phone."

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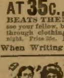

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## At the Eleventh Hour.

(Continued.)

"I demand an explanation," cried Mr. Richardson, advancing toward the officer, grasped him by the shoulder.

"Not too fast, Charles!" I cautioned.

"Doctor Sykes is my prisoner; and as a duly sworn officer I place him under arrest," replied Jenkins, calmly.

"For what crime?" cried Richardson and Sykes simultaneously.

"For the murder of Florence Richardson."

Doctor Sykes turned deathly pale, a sickly smile playing about his mouth as he tried to gain composure. His lips moved but no sound was visible. With eyes half closed he staggered to a chair and stared vacantly at the trio.

"My God, Morse, what does this mean?" cried Richardson, appealing to me. "At whose instance was this done?"

"Mine!" I almost shouted, flinging myself into the side of the melodrama and pointing at Sykes' crouching figure. "I denounce that man as the murderer of your wife; whom he poisoned to gain possession of her estate."

"It was a mistake," pleaded the wretched criminal, all his bravado gone.

"Take him away, Jenkins," I said. And protesting his innocence to the last, he was hurried from the room.

Richardson, as survivor of his wife, retains possession of the old estate, where with him I pass many happy hours of my bachelorhood. We never refer to this subject. Doctor Sykes cheated the gallows by suicide a few weeks after his arrest and the history of the case was never entered upon the court records.

### The King and the Telephone.

Korea, which was for years shut to all other nations, in 1882 opened its doors to foreigners and their modern ideas. It took some time, however, for the Koreans to adapt themselves to the new inventions.

A foreigner, according to an exchange, wished to introduce the telephone into the country. The king granted him an interview, and, by means of an interpreter, the invention was explained to him. His majesty was willing and even eager to give the invention a trial, and ordered that the tomb of the queen dowager should be at once connected with the royal palace. He would like to talk to his mother, who had been dead some months.

The unfortunate foreigner explained that this was impossible. Wonderful as the telephone was, it could not reach those beyond the grave. This protest offended the king. He had been told that the telephone enabled one to converse with those who were too far away to be either seen or heard. Here was exactly a case in point. The old queen had passed away beyond the reach of voice or car. If the stranger's words were true, he would now be able to talk to her. The thing must be done.

Done it was, as far as the telephone was concerned; but, needless to say, the poor king listened in vain for any reply from his royal mother.

Then he was very angry. The telephone was a fraud. He had given it a fair trial, and found that it was a foolish pretense. It should be destroyed at once. As for the stranger, there was no truth in him, and he must depart forthwith. And doubtless the poor scientist was glad enough to get safely out of this country.

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## How the Fresh Air Work Started.

The Fresh Air Work now carried on in all large cities started in one woman's doing the little which lay in her power. An exchange tells of this beginning.

Many years ago an invalid lady, whose home was in the country, visited a large city near which she lived, on a sultry summer day. She had business in some of the smaller streets and alleys, and was appalled at the number of pale, puny and sick babies in their mothers' arms, who were literally dying for a breath of fresh air. What could be done?

"I can not save all," she said, "but I can save one. There is room for a mother and her child at my home."

She took the one mother and her child to her country home, kept them for a fortnight, and then took them home and brought others. Her neighbors followed her example. The next summer the number of children entertained amounted to hundreds; the next, thousands.

Another woman who lived in the city and had no money to give, was vexed that she could not help in this most gracious charity. "I can at least tell others of it," she said. She wrote an account of it for a New York newspaper.

A third woman, possessed of great wealth, sent a thousand dollars to the editor, with the request that he should open a fund for the noble purpose. The Fresh Air charity was the result. The various organizations throughout the United States for the removal of poor children from the poisonous air of the cities to the country have grown out of this first attempt of a single weak woman to save one dying child.

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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

## NIPPER AND JUMPER PLAYED TRUANT.

Fishing with Nipper had grown to be a passion. More than once he had played hookey, when he was supposed to be in school, and gone down to his favorite bend in the big Pappio and spent the day with hook and line.

One morning while he and Jumper, his cousin, who had come to live with Grandma Isaac, were on their way to school, Nipper brought up the subject, and as Jumper had never told on him, he was asked to play truant on the following day and go fishing.

"But are there any fish there?" asked Jumper.

"The water is just full of them," replied Nipper, and, as Jumper wanted to "show" Jimmy Bear, the compact was sealed and all arrangements made.

The next morning when Nipper kissed his grandmother good-by he said:

"You need not worry about me any more, for I'm going to be good and bring home a while card next Friday evening."

His grandmother patted him on the back and he trotted off after Jumper.

Half a mile from home the little bears hid their books and slates under an old log and made a bee line for the bend in the river.

On some occasions Nipper had found other bears fishing at this spot, but this time there were none present, which was very gratifying and Nipper was soon busily digging angle worms while Jumper cut the poles.

As Jumper was trimming off the limbs he kept glancing at the water. Nipper saw him and asked what he was gazing at.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Jumper, "except that I was just thinking the water is pretty shallow for the very big fish."

"You just wait and see," replied Nipper, then he added: "We will be flinging big fellows out as fast as you can count as soon as we get down to business. I hope we will," was the reply of skeptical Jumper; "but if we don't get some big ones look out for trouble if grandma ever finds out we were here instead of at school."

"Find out fiddlesticks," replied Nipper, "She'll never know." But Jumper was not so sure of that.

In time the worms had been dug and the lines attached to the poles, and the two little cousin bears sat down to fish.

They fished for nearly an hour before either got a nibble, when all at once the bobber on Jumper's line went clear to the bottom. He felt that he had a fish almost as large as a whale and jerked with all his might, the hook shot up in the air it was empty, not even the bait remaining.

"That looks encouraging, anyway," exclaimed Nipper. "He jerked just like the big fish I caught one day last week and gave to old Mr. Coon so he wouldn't tell grandma I was up here fishing. I think mine weighed almost fifty pounds," he added, "but I'm not sure, as we didn't weigh it."

"One half that big will do for me," replied Jumper as he baited his hook and threw it back in the water.

In a little while both bobbers were dancing about on the water. Occasionally one would go down, but each pull on the line proved that the fish had not taken the hook.

Another hour went by and Nipper got hungry. He stuck his pole in the bank of the river and went to prepare lunch, leaving Jumper fishing. Just as lunch was announced Jumper pulled out—not a fifty-pound fish, but a little hickory bass, about four inches long, which Nipper said was not full of bones that would choke a cat to death.

After lunch they fished for a long time without success. Somehow the fish would not bite, although Nipper had assured his cousin that they were plentiful. Eventually, however, Jumper caught another hickory bass—or shipper-jack, as Nipper called it. And that was all the fish they got, yet not all they caught.

After Nipper had wound up his line Jumper kept fishing for about an hour. At last he, too, became discouraged and was just ready to quit, when his bobber went down and he pulled for dear life, and what do you suppose he brought to shore? Nothing but a great, big, ugly mud turtle.

"Mud turtles make good soup," explained Nipper, "and perhaps grandma will forgive us if we take it home."

"No, she won't," replied Jumper, "we just got to claim that the mud turtle got after us on our way from school and we had to fight with a stick. Don't you dare to tell her we were not to school. If we had plenty of fish it might be different, but let's take no chances."

It was near sundown when the little bears got home. They heard voices in the sitting room, but supposed it was some neighbors who had called. Nipper entered first and was followed by Jumper carrying the turtle.

"See what a nice big turtle we have brought you, grandma," Nipper said, and as a rich man would say to his sons: "Here's a dollar apiece for the crackers."

"Where did you catch it?" said Grandma Isaac.

"It tried to catch us on our way home from school," replied Nipper, "That's what made us so late. It ran us all up and down the river for two or three miles and at last Jumper hit it with a stick and killed it."

"What's that string hanging out of its mouth for?" asked the old bear, as she wiped her glasses to get a better view.

"Guess it must have swallowed something that had a string attached to it," ventured Jumper.

"Yes, I guess it did," replied Grandma Bear. "I think if the truth was known there's a fish hook at the other end of the string."

"Wonder how on earth it ever got there?" asked Nipper, with a wonderful show of innocence. But both he and Jumper strongly suspected that their duplicity had been found out, and to make things more uncomfortable Miss Cherry Bark Bear, the little bears' schoolteacher, walked out from a dark part of the room and stood before the two culprits.

Nipper didn't propose to give up without a struggle and he put on a bold front and said: "Why, dear teacher, you beat us home, didn't you?"

"But you were not at school today," replied the teacher.

"Oh, yes, we were," insisted Nipper. "Jumper and I were both there, but perhaps you didn't see us, because you have so many other little bears to look after. Of course, dear teacher, we were there."

Jumper had never been in such a scrape before and he would willingly have given every plaything he possessed to have had Nipper out in the woods for a minute or two where he could have "everared up." But all he could do was to nervously balance first on one foot and then on the other and wait for something to turn up. And something did turn up.

"Jumper," said his grandmother, "I am much surprised at you. I would not be surprised at anything that Nipper did, but you are different. Do you know that I was at school today? Well, I was. I went to see how you and Nipper were getting along. That's how I knew what's attached to the end of the string in the mud turtle's mouth. The idea of a turtle chasing you two up and down the road for miles. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself? If you are not I am ashamed of you, and if you ever do anything of the kind again I'll send you over to Plum Hollow to the reform school for bad little bears. As for Nipper, he's too young to send there, but you are too young to be punished and as soon as the teacher goes home we'll talk this matter over again. In the morning the teacher will talk it over, too, and by that time I think you will both be of the opinion that it always pays to be honest."

"The only reply came from Jumper, when he said: 'Grandma, I'm willing to admit it now, if that will do any good,' but it didn't.

### When I Was a Boy.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!
In through the lattice the dreams crept,
Bringing a tide of dream that crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the sea red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head
Whose manhoms played at tides and seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek.

When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my childish eyelids seemed
To have a gift of prophecy,
And in its golden beams I saw
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dream should give me back
The peace I have never known since
When I was a boy—a little boy!

### All for Nothing.

Bettina—I've changed my mind, Willie; we won't go and play with the Richleigh this afternoon.

William—You won't? Now see what you've made me do. "I've gone and washed my face and hands for nothing.

### An Alibi.

"I heard dat Weary fell in de river and got drowned."

"Dat's so! Dat wasn't Weary. You couldn't git him near enough to a river to fall in."

Any man with ideas in advance of his age is likely to wear clothes away behind it.


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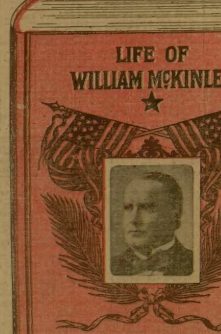


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